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BT A. T. R.

When the heart 'neath its troubles sinks dow and the joys that misled it are gone; when the hopes that inspired it are flown, and it gropes through thick darkness alon Be Faith, then, thy cheer; Scorn the whispers of Fear; Look trustfully up, and bide on.

When Fancy's wild meteor-ray Allures thee from duty to roam, Beware its bewildering way, Abide with the soul in its home, And hearken its voice: Let the stream of thy joys From the Fountain of Furity com

When by failures and follies borne down,
The future looks hopelessly drear;
And each day, as it files, with a frown
Tells how hopeless, how abject we are;
Let rething dismay
Thy brave effort to-day;
Be patient, and still persevere.

Be steady in Joy and in sorrow;
Be truthful in great and in small;
Fear nothing but Sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessings upon thee shall fall;
In worst tribulation
Shun low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all.

## Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUR-LIGHT," "LORD LYRHE'S CHOICE,"

"WRAHER THAN A WOMAN,"

BTC., BTC., BTC.

### CHAPTER XXV.

HERE Bertie Carlyon had left him,
Paul Fulton stood lost and bewildered in a storm of feeling and thought. He knew not whether to be pleased, or curse his fate. What a source of pride and joy for him, his daughter, his own child!—one of the loveliest and fairest women in England,—gifted with grace and dignity fitting for a queen,—married to a nobleman high in rank, position, and wealth; one with whom it was an honor to associate. one with whom it was an honor to associate. To be known as Lady Bayneham's father, would be at once to secure position and standing. What a proud moment for him when he could speak of my son-in-law, the earl, my daughter, the countess! He had been longing for the prestige of rank; here it was, and thrust upon him. And vet cooler reflection told him that his own folly stood an impassible barrier between his child and himself. In claiming her he would lose far more than he could gain. He must proclaim himself to be the ex convict, Stephen Hurst; no spurious: vot, Stephen Hurst; no spurious name would hold good in a matter so important. He must destroy the new reputation so proudly built on the wretched past. He must acknowledge to Lady Grahame, that, in telling her that he had never been married, he had been guilty of a deliberate lie, and so lose all chance of making her his wife.

It maddened Paul Fulton to see so many and such great advantages in his grass, yet

and such great advantages in his grasp, yet not to be able to reach them. His daugh-ter, who could reflect such honor and distinction upon him, was as far from him as though she were dead. He did not dare to claim her. Calm reflection told him such a step would bring nothing but disgrace upon him, for it would entail the revelation

He never blamed himself. He felt no re He never blamed himself. He felt no re morse for the sins and follies which separ ated him from his only child as much as death could have done. He said hard words: railing at his fate, reviling all and everything but himself. He had to bear the knowledge of his secret in silence; to have revealed it would have been to betray him self. But he knew how to keep his secret; with the strong force of his will he drove the thought from his mind. He refused to entertain it, and gave himself up to the amusement of others.

Before long he was considered the life of

Before long he was considered the life of the little party assembled. His droil stories, his latinitable missiony, his vivid power of description, his brilliancy and wit, won

pon everyone. He made the Counters of spon everyone. He made the Countess of Bayneham laugh more in one week than she had ever done before. Anyone who falt dull or out of spirits immediately sought Mr. Fulton. He avoided Lady Hilds, and if he could help it he never looked into the lovely, pure, young face; he never conversed with her, never sought her society as he did others. He tried all means in his power to lay the ghost that haunted him, but in vain.

vain.

"His own, only child;" the words were ever ringing in his ear. He heard them above the ordinary converse of everyday life, and above the noise and shouts of the election; they were never out of his ears.

Paul Fulton resolved to fly. He had met and conquered all his enemies; but one stole upon bin unawares; and that was, love for the fair and gentle lady who was his only child. When the election was ended he de termined to leave, and never come near Bayneham for some time.

The election did end at last, and Albert Oarlyon, Esq., was returned by a triumphant majority, thanks to the untiring energy of Lord Bayneham and Mr. Fulton.

Then the guests who had been together

Then the guests who had been together began to speak of leaving. Bertie had duties—he must go; Mr. Fulton had imperative business, but he yielded to his host's entreaties, and promised to remain for four data leaves.

That promise altered Paul Fulton's life, and brought years of sorrow and misery to his innocent daughter. He began to love her; men may be blind, foolish or cruel, but Nature must speak; there were times when the strong, talse man longed for one word from his daughter's lips,—longed to chap her in his arms and tell her she was his own, only child. We raved at times! for the orly child. He raved at imself for the thought. Should be week the reputation he had so carefully and assiduously won, by one moment's weakness? No, he would leave danger and Bayneham far behind

him.

That very afternoon Lord Bayneham and Bertie Carlyon had gone out for a ramble together, and Mr. Fulton had been sesisting Miss Earle in transplanting some very choice slips given to her. By some unknown accident he contrived to inflict a pretty severe wound upon one of his fingers, whilst Lady

Hilda was standing near.

The wound, slight though it was, bled profusely. Mr. Fulton, like many other people, could bear pain, but the sight of blood completely unnerved him. He turned sick and faint, and leant against the wall for

support.
"I have some adhesive plaster," said Bar bara Earle. 'I will fetch it in a momont,"

and she disappeared as she spoke.

Lady Hilds grand pityingly at the handsome noe blanched with fear.

"Let me bind it up for you," she said, "until Miss Earle returns."

She went up to him and took the wounded hand in her own. As she stooped to fasten the handkerchief round it, her golden hair touched him, and the contact was like an electric shock to him; the warm soft fingers held his own so gently, the fair face was so sweet with its pitying look—and she was his only shild. He forgot all danger and everything else in the world, save that she was the little child he had held in his arms; he bent down and kissed the golden head drooping near him. Then his heart died within him when he realised what he had done. hand in her own. As she stooped to faster

Lady Hilds started up, her face glowing with a burning blush, her eyes full of indignant fire; but it was no look of love that met hers; Mr. Fulton's face was unutterably sad. She was about to exclaim, when he

"Hush, my dear. As you value your own happiness, be silent. I—I knew your mother years ago, and you looked like her

Miss Earle returned before Lady Hilds had time to speak. She looked with amase at the strange expression of that fair young face, but made no remark, she bandaged the wound carefully, and then both ladies withdrew, leaving the perplexed Mr. Falton to find a way out of his difficulties.

"That I should have been so mad?" he

cried; "but how could I help it? She looked so fair and winning, so like poor Magdalen; and after all, she is my own child. But what shall I do? I must explain to her, or she will tell Bayneham, and we shall have

Lady Hilds was dismayed; the secret her mother had kept so well was then known to this handsome stranger, who had made himself universally liked. But she had no time to collect her thoughts; there was a grand dinner party that evening, and she had much to avrange.

much to avrange.

Mr. Fulton wished a thousand times over that he had gone away as he intended; he saw but one way out of his trouble, he must see Ledy Hilda, tell her all, and rely upon her fears for observing the secrecy necessry for him. He wrote a note, as fol-

"I pray you to keep silence over the little incident that occurred this afternoon until I see you. I can explain it. The honor of a family—my life almost—depends upon your silence. Will you grant me an interview? I knew your parents, and have much to say to you. Will you meet me in the library after dinner this evening? I will not detain you long." tain you long "

tain you long"

He wrote the note, never thinking that there would be any difficulty in handing it to her, but found it impossible. In the drawing room she was surrounded by visitors. Bir Henry Atleigh, of Combe Abbey, took her down to dinner. After dinner she held a little court, and there seemed to be no room for him in the group. He never realised before the difficulty of doing anything underhand.

At last his opportunity came. Bir Henry Atleigh spoke of a photograph he had seen lately from one of Ary Scheffer's finest pictures.

"We have one like it, I believe," said Ledy Hilda, rising and moving towards the large table on which books and rare engrav-

large table on which books and rare engravings lay scattered.

"Let me assist you in looking for it." said
Mr. Fulton, who had long been waiting for
this chance. He followed her to the table,
andin giving her'the'photograph she sought,
laid his note upon it. He read the hes'tation in her face as she half threw it from
her. "For your own sake," he whispered,
"for your husband's sake," and her hand
closed over it. closed over it.

It was adroitly managed, but it happened unfortunately that the Countess of Bayne-ham witnessed the little transaction, unseen

She was seated in her own favorite chair, at some distance from the large table; but she was watching Mr. Fu'ton as he rose, and saw him plainly offer the folded note to her son's wife. Her first impulse was to rise laugh at her own folly. It might be a mem orandum, or a thousand other things; why should she suspect anything wrong? She smiled, and blamed herself for her unjust enspicion and folly.

If the countess could have seen the burn-ing indignation on Lady Hilda's face as she read those few lines she would have judged her more charitably hereafter. No, cortain'y,-a thousand times over, she would tain'y,—a thousand times over, she would refuse to meet the stranger, who, a month ago, was waknown to her Why should she? If he knew anything of her parents, let him tell it to her husband. At least her suspense would be ended then, and she had lived lately with a sword suspended over her head. She tore up the note contemptu-

lived lately who is the note contemptu-her head. She tore up the note contemptu-ously, and flang it to the winds. That night Mr. Fulton sat until late in the library, but Lady-Riida did not come n'ar, and he grew desperate. "I must see her," he said to himself; "she

will betray me; how madly I have acted!
She must see me, and know who I am."

This was more easily said than done.
Ledy Hilds carefully avoided him the next Lady Hilds carefully avoided him the next day. She had not decided what course to pursue; she longed to tell her husband all, but dared not. Then Paul Fulton wrote

"I must see you," he said; "reasons, both sacred and important, compel me to speak to you. I ask you, for your dead mother's

saks, to meet me to-night; not in the house, where I cannot perhaps speak to you alone. Go after dinner to the Lady's Walk, I pray you, and let me see you there."

With this note, carefully folded, he haunted the drawing rooms, but no Lady Hilds appeared. Fortune, however, favored him again. Going up the grand staircase he met the countees with her daughter-in law. He passed them with a deep salutation and some justing words, placing the note on Lady Hilds's hand as he did so, unobserved, he believed, but seen again by the watchful eye of Lady Bayneham. She made no remark, resolving to know soon what this mysterious correspondence meant. When Lady Hilds read the second note she was almost in deepair. What could he know of her parents, this strange man whom ahe dreaded? Why should he summon her for her dead mother's sake? She must go; With this note, carefully folded, he h

for her dead mother's sake? She must go;

for her dead mother's sake? She must go; there was no help for it.

They dined alone that evening, and Lady Bayneham saw how worn and anxious was the expression of that young face, on which a new shadow had fallen.

Lord Bayneham left the ladies early; he had been riding all the morning, and was tired. He lingered for a few minutes by his wife's side, watching her white slender fingers, busily engaged with a pretty plece of netting. It seemed like inte that he should notice her bracelet, it was both elegant and costly, one that he presented her with soon after their marriage—delicate pearls set in pure pale gold.

after their marriags—delicate pearls set in pure pale gold.

"That is the prettiest bracelet you wear, Hilda," said Lord Bayneham. "I flatter myself I am a good jadge of pearls; these are fine ones, are they not mother?" he said, appealing to Ludy Bayneham.

But came forward, and looked at the bracelet.

'They are very fine ones," Lady Bayne-ham replied, coldly.

Lady Bayneham could never again be cor-dial with her son's wife, until she knew why she received notes from a gentleman who

was almost a stranger to her.

Lady Hilds saw the little group disappear with fear and dismay for she knew she must keep the appointment, made so much against

### CHAPTER XXVI.

T was still early; the fragrant summer evening had given place to a dim, cool

With a strong distaste for the interview awaiting her, Lady Hilda hastily put on a large dark shawl, which shrouded her figure, and went out to the Lady's Walk. She could reach it by the staircase which led from her own private suite of rooms. In the distance she saw the tall figure of

Mr Fulton coming quickly towards her.
"It is sorely against my will that I am
here," she began; "but you asked me to
come for my mother's sake. Tell me what

you have to say."
"Much," he said, "that cannot be hastily uttered. Lidy Hilds, do not fear me. Look at my face. Have I the appearance of a man who sought this interview for any foolish, vain reason of his own t'
She looked at him; there was a faint gleam

She looked at him; there was a faint gleam of light coming from the moon'it sky, and by it she saw that the handsome face, usually so careless and gay, was sad and full of deep emotion. Her calm eyes dwelt upon it, but they read nothing there.

"You may trust me," he said; "you might trust me with your life. Let us walk down the path. You will be cold if you remain standing."

They then went down the broad path to-

They then went down the broad path to-

"My time is very precious," said Lady Hilds, coldly. "I run great risk by remaining here."
"I know it," he replied. "I asked you to come, for your mother's sake Do you know who she was, and what was her

story!"
"I know it all," said the young girl, saidly. "My mother's fate has clouded my

"Thank Heaven, I am saved that long explanation," he replied. "I half feared

re might still believe you were Lady Hut-

m's daughter.

"I never thought that," the replied; "and me must not ever so lighly blame the dead; me must I wish I had been left to share my mother I wish I had been left to share my mother. but I wish I had been jost to share my moth-ne's fate. I should have brightened her lim, and have been saved all the sofrow and shame of feeling myself half an imposter."

"It was done for the best," he said,

"I suprose so," she replied; "but this is not what you want d me for. You knew my parents—what have you to say of them

my parents
to me?"
"You speak of your mother," he contin"You speak of your mother of your father?
Bed; "did you never hear of your father?
Did no one ever mention him to you?"
"Yes," she replied, bitterly. "My mother,
on her death, told me of him."
on her death, told me of him."

"May I ask what she said?" he inquired.

"Hay I ask what she said?" he inquired.
"Some people do not posses the art of painting an agreeable portrait."
"That cannot possibly concern you," she replied. "Tell me your business quickly, and let me go. My lather's name brings no music to my ears. Perhaps before now he has met my mother, and rendered her justice."

She raised her pure, calm face to the night skies as she spoke, and Paul Fulton stood abashed and humbled before the serese innocease and dignity of his child.

"Elida," he said, "has it never struck you."

"Elida," he said, "has it never struck you who I am?"
A cold dread seised her. She had never thought of him until the day he touched her golden head with his lips, and looked so sadly upon her. Now an awful fear came over her; who could he be that knew the secret her mother had kept? She turned and looked at him; coldly and calmly her oyes rested on his agitated face, and by the fairt light of the moonbeams she resembled a spirit more than any living being.
"Have you never thought of me," he said "for wondered who I was?"
"Never!" she replied.

"Never!" she replied.

"Never!" she replied.
"Would you not care to see your father;
Wilda? With all his faults; he loved you."
"My father broke the sweetest and truest heart that ever beat," she replied, passionately; "how could I wish to see him?"
"Hush, child!—hush!" he said, sadly; "your words stab me. Try to care for me, Hilds. I am your father, Stephen Hurst, and I place my life in your hands."
Her fair face grew even more deadly pale

"My words of greeting to you father," she said, sadly, "are, that I wish that I had died when I was a child, before I knew my

hopeless, dreary fate."
"Can you say nothing kinder, Hilds?" he seked, and for once there was real dignity and true feeling in his words. "I have not been a saint; but you are my child, and I

love you."

She walked on unheedingly, her fair hands clasped passionately; the fate her dying mother had predicted and feared had

"What have I done?" she said, wildly, looking up to the still serene heavens. "Why should this fate have fallen upon

"Hush, Hilda!" said Paul Fulton. "Hush, Hilda!" said Paul Fulton. "I shall do you no wrong, child; we can keep each other's secrets. I do not want to interiere with you I should not have said one word, but I feared you would tell Lord Eayneham about what had occurred the other afternoon; you looked so like your mother when I saw her first, that I could not help it."

At her husband's name a low cry came from Hilda's lips; what a web of sorrow, shame, and diagrace was woven round her, and he knew nothing of it.
"Will you tell me how and when you saw your mother, Hilda?" asked Paul Fulton,

d him the story of her mother's

Through the hard, worldly nature, some sharp sting of remorse pierced him.
"Great Heavens!" he cried. "to think

"Great Heavens!" he cried. "In think that I came here, seeking my new life, and find my wife's grave and my living child!"
"She gave me one message for you," said Ledy Hilda gantly; "It was to tell you that, dying, she blessed and forgave you."
"Did she say that!" asked Paul Fulton, horsely, while his eyes grew dim with team.
"Poor Maggie, she loved me dearly and wall."

That moment's softening touched his sughter more than any words could have

deughter more than any words could have done.

"I have been a bad man," he end; "but I think I am punished when I stand here sheahed and humbled before my own child. It is a strange world for all of us."

He draw his daughter's hand in his own; there was no warmth in her manner, and he islt some keen disappointment, yet acknow ledging it was just "Would you care to hear the history of a black sheep, Hilds I' he mid, and something of his old gay manner came back to him. "I am very black, indeed; but perhaps you may think more gently of me, if you hear all that I have to say. You need not be ashamed of me; by birth, as wall as every-thing else, I am a gentleman."

"A gentleman I' repeated his unhappy dangtier, with an inflaction of scorn in her voice that she could not control. "Do

rationes usually trample upon the heart at loves them best, and go about the world ader a false name—a living lie?" He bit his lips, listening to her indignant

"Hilds," he sa'd. "do not rouse all that is had within me. I wronged your mother; I repaid her love with ingratitude; I spurned her from my door, and broke her heart. I own it all, and am sorry for it; can mortal

own it all, and am sorry for it; can make say more?"

She made no reply, and he continued:
"You love her. I could feel jealoes that of two unknown parents you cling to one and regret the other. But you say she died blessing me; would she like to know that you, my daughter, were my bitter enemy,—that you could not repeat her love and her parlow?"

Paul Fallow knew human nature; he had

Paul Falton knew human nature; he had touched the right soring at last.
"For your mother's sake, say to me that
we are friends."

He waited for her answer, but hot anger and fleroe bitter sorrow were warring in her

shone down upon her, and the night wind, laden with the fragrant breath of sleeping flowers, whispered sweet messages of peace to her; she saw again the clear beautiful face, the cold, still lips that, even in dying, had whispered of love.
"For your mother's sake," urged Paul

She turned to him and laid her hand in

his.

"It shall be so," she said gently; "for her sake I repeat her pardon and her love". He felt again the bitterness of his punishment; his fair young child so near him, her golden head drooping under the weight of sorrow he heaped upon her, her sweet face wet with tears, her soft hand touching his own. He did not dare to do as other fath. own. He did not dare to do as other fath. ers do; he dared not c'asp the weeping sor-rowing girl in his arms, and comfort her; he

rowing girl in his arms, and comfort her; he falt that in her sweet innocence and guileless purity she was far above him. He could have knelt at her feet but he dared not clasp her in his arms.

"Hilda," he said, gently, "you are an angel to me, if you had sent me from you in disgust, I should have gone straight to the bad, for I am a reckless man. You have saved me. I will try—it is never too late—I will try and be more worthy ? you; I will not shame you again. I told you it was my life you held in your hands. Now time presses. Listen to me. We must both preserve our secret. I have entered upon a fresh life I am rich, and men respect me. I am going to marry; nay do not start from me, ch'ld; that cannot hurt your mother now. I am going to marry one who will do me, child; that cannot hurt your mother now. I am going to marry one who will do great things for me. I see honor and rank and the good word and praise of men before me—I see a higher and better life, but all this depends upon you. I suffered, Hilds; no one knew it. Shame and disgrace cankered my very soul. I believe I hated your mother because her loyal heart ever found excuses because her loyal heart ever found excuses for me. I could not suffer shame again. If our secret should become known, were I If our secret should become known, were I to say that you are my child, or if you were to call me father, my story must be known; men must know that I am Stephen Hurst, the ex-convict; and if this should come to pass, (mind, I hate heroics, I say it calmly,) if this ever gets known, I will kill myself. I shall not wait for scorn and contempt to de stroy me. You see I leave my life in your hands."

"I have no wish to make it known, replied, sorrowfully; "my happiness is destroyed. I cannot endure to look in my husband's face and know that I have desired him. I have no business here; my place is amongst the poor and shame stricken. If Lord Bayneham knew my stricken. If Lord By stricken is a story I believe he would send me from him. story I believe he would send me from him. If I conceal it, it will kill me. Where am I to look for help? Who can aid me?" Where am

"Those are false sentimental notions," said Paul Fulton, more touched than he cared to own by her sorrowful face and despairing words. "You have done no wrong; you are a gen'leman's daughter. Lady Hutton made you a lady in every sense of the word. Keep your secret, and you will be happy enough.

"I did not expect you to understand me," she mid; "It is the concealment I hate. But we must not linger. What more have you

to my !" "Nething." he replied. "You know ! leave here early in the morning. I shall never return, Hilds. We must remain as strangers, and do not forget that you hold my life in your hands. I shall avoid you,—it will be less painful than seeing you, and not during to claim you as my child. Are you willing?" you willing ?"

"Yes," Lady Hilds replied, in the same hopeless tone, "it will be best so; only promise me one thing, —if I die first, you will tell the whole truth to Lord Bayncham; he will never betray you."

Paul Pulson promised, without the least intention of ever keeping his promise, and they turned towards the house.

"Hilds," said Paul Fulton, "you are my own child. Let me hear my name once fley 'God bless you father,' before we

Lady Hilds turned her fair, sad face

him, and he never forgot it as he saw it

The breath of the summer wind was not more sweet and frint than the voice that mid, "God bless you, father? Good-

"If I had kept her with me," said Paul
"If I had kept her with me," said Paul
Pulton, as through the mist of warm tears
he watched Hilds enter the house, "I should
he we been a different man."

That night, while darkness and silence tell upon the old castle, there was one baseath its roof who seemed to die a living sell upon the old castle, likers with a living meath its roof who seemed to die a living death. That night a fair young face lost its radiance and youth: a pure, loving heart, rebelled against dark, stern fate; a golden head tossed wearily to and tro; and in the darkness there came to her again those sol-emn, terrible words, "I visit the sins of the tathers upon the children."

The young, beautifel, and beloved lady of Bayneham prayed for death; life had grown too painful to bear.

### CHAPTER XXVII

ADY BAYNEHAM had been thinking in a mental exercise she did not often indulge in. This world was but a path of roses, in which she had found few thorns, and she had nothing much that required thought; but this night, when a young learn thear her was breaking with sorrow, heart near her was breaking with sorrow, Lady Bayneham could not sleep, for she was thinking. She knew the world well; its strange wave were old legends to her. She had heard may stories where a handsome, accomplished man of the world prided himself upon winning the liking of a beautiful young wife. The whole artillery of firtul young wife the world was a well-known business to Lady. Bayneham. Her son's wife was a very lovely, and no fairer face had ever shown in those old halls; she was also very young and child like; often enough had the countess smiled at her nesses remarks, for the world was a sealed book to her. She was as in nocent, guileless, and unsuspicious as a nocent, guileless, and unsuspicious as a nocent. ADY BAYNEHAM had been thinking nocent, guileless, and unsuspicious as a child. Mr. Fulton was a man of the world handsome and faccinating; old, it is true but handsome and fascinating: old, it is true, but with a charm and grace of manner more winning even than the fresh ess of youth. She suspected nothing serious. He dared not attempt to make love to her son's wife under her son's roof, but, in all probability, he had amused himself by trying to get up a sentimental friendship with her. How else account for those notes? And she was so young and so inexperienced, it was impossible to guess what she would do. If a so young and so inexperienced, it was impossible to guess what she would do. If a note had been clandestinely slipped into Lady Baynelsam's hand, she would calmly and quietly toon it in pieces before the writer's face, without the trouble of words. She had seen how Lady Hilds blushed and trembled when she received the note; and the brilliant, experienced woman of the world falt something like p'ty for the young norice.

"I have no doubt," said Lady Bayneham to herself, "that she is dreadfully pussled what to do over the matter. Poor childishe is so simple and so sweet. I think I must tell Claud —he will know just what to do; and if I speak to her, she may consider

interference. The countess believed she was performing a kindly motherly action in seeking her son, and telling him what she had seen; accordingly she was the first in the breakfast.

Mr. Futton, in accordance with his arrangement on the previous evening, left while the morning was still dawning. Bar bara Earle had taken breaktast and gone out into the grounds. Lady Hilda was in her room hence the country had a close her room, hence the counters had a clear field; and when her son entered, she went into action at once. With her second cup of tea she commenced a preamble.

"I think you know me too well, Claud ever to suspect that I could be capable of any impertinence or interference; is it not

she possessed all the cardinal virtues, and no Lord Bayneham assured

"I am speaking seriously, my son 'continued the lady. "I have a sincere affection and liking for your beautiful wife; but she is very young, and knows nothing of the world. She is so innocent and simple that I mention to you a croumstance I have observed which in another would not have a served, which in another would not have excited my attention.

"What has Hilds been doing?" saked Lord Bayneham, with a smile; 'has she broken some terribly severe law of eti-

"No," replied the counters; "Lady Hil da's manner is perfect. It is not that: but our late visitor, Mr. Fulton, was a very handsome man, and one who could fascinate where he chose."

where he chose."
"Well, and what can that possibly have
to do with Hilda's shortcomings?" demanded
Lord Bayneham quickly.
"If you will allow me time, Claud, I can
explain." and the complete with display

"If you will allow me time, Claud, I can explain," said the countees with dignity. "On the first evening of his arrival, we all remarked how much he seemed struck with Hilds. Mind, I insinute nothing against him; he is only a man of the world; but I believe he has been trying to get up a sentimental kind of friendship with her."
"What makes you think so, mother?" asked Lord Bayneham indifferently, for he saw

othing remarkable in anyone admiring his

"I noticed a little circumstance that struck no rather unpleasantly," replied Lady Reyneham. "I saw him on two occasions ilp a note into her hand."
"You must have been mistakes, mother," mid her son quickly, his face finsking hotly. "My wife would never receive a letter from

anyone."

"It is true," continued the countees, "I do not say there was anything in them; for knowing Hilds to be one of the purset as she is one of the loveliest of women, I am sure there could be nothing wrong about it. I would speak to her myself, but it is a delicate matter to interiere with; but with a few well chosen words you can put her on her guard; she is very young and inexperienced."

"You are very kind, mother," said Lord Bayreham, rising hastily; "but I cannot understand how a note could have nothing in it. I must see Hilda and sak her about

it."

Do not be rask 'r feeded Gland; there is no necessity for any the quietly, for perhaps there is nothing in it. Hilds never even sees anyone but you. Do not force me to regret that I have treated you like a sensible man."

"I must have it explained," said Lord Bayneham, quietly but firmly; "I must see those notes, or know what they were about. None shall either insult or act impertinently

"I do not think anyone will ever try," said Ledy Bayneham: "be prudent and sensible, Claud. Suppose, after all, there was nothing on the paper but the name of a book or some?"

or sove ?" he how they were given," he said

"and I can judge for myself."

Lady Esyncham, who began to repent of her undertaking, then told him of the two little scenes she had witnessed, and his face grew dark

my wife, I will follow him to London and thrash him!" Lord Bayneham oried. "I can now see how it is Hilda did not tell me; she was afraid I should quarrel with 'If that man dared to write non

"Nothing of the kind," said Lady Bayn ham, trying to allay the tempest she had aroused. "She very likely never thought of time anyone either speaks or writes to har."

Then why have you named it ?" said Lord Bayneham, impatiently. "If there is nothing wrong, extraordinary, improper, wonderful, or anything else in it. why did

you come to me?"
"Claud, I quite despair of you," said Lady
Bayneham, haughtily "I have explained
my motives. Your wife is young, beautiful,
and untrained in the world's ways; it is your
place to warn her and see that her very innocence and simplicity do not cause he

act imprudently. Lord Bayneham sighed; he was not quite clear as to what his mother really meant.

clear as to what his mother really meant. He saw one thing plainly; she was not actuated by any unkind feeling towards Hilda; but before he had time to reply Barbars Earle entered, her face glowing with exercise, and her hand filled with choice farm leaves.

"See, sunt," Miss Earle said, lightly touching Ludy Bayneham's face with her fresh red lips, "I have found all these treasures; they will make your cellection complete. Good morning, Claud; you look—well—not one-half so bright as the morning is."

For the first time Barbara noticed the un

easy expression of both fares.
"I am sorry to hear Hilda is not well this morning." Miss Earle continued. "Pauline tells me she has not left her room; so I will go and see her.

## (TO ME CONTINUED.)

.-The Turkish woman is flerosly intolerant in matters of religious belief. The teachings of the Koran have reached her by word of mouth, and sur-rounded by a perfect Talmud of tradition, reached her by word of mouth, and surrounded by a perfect Talmud of tradition,
and these teachings shape her view of the
outside world. In obedience to them, she
commonly hates foreigners with passion.
As she passes you on the street she will
pray with audible fervor that your eyes may
become blind, or that God may carse you.
She is superstitions in the extreme. In
sickness, she will use the salive of as old
woman who has never been divorced, or
will inhale the fetid breath of an odoriform
and saintly dervish, in preference to the
choicest prescription of an educated physician. She is assured that Satan in person
teaches Americans their skill in mechanical cian. She is assured that Satan in person teaches Americans their skill in mechanical arts. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which encloses the mystic phrese that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill luck, and will not calebrate the birthday annier arise of her children, not even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spall against the child. against the child.

An Indiana man has built a ministre steamer, twenty—five fact long, with which he proposes to take a trip to liew Orisans.

### A GOLDSH LINE.

BY P. RESET DOTLS.

One day yet idling in the summers sweet, That only for the eyes of boyhood shine, while fate with busy hands passed to and fro Her shuttle through this still, strange life

of mine, Across the mingling threads a line of light Burst sudden in the brist web's mesi fold, and 'mid its plainer shades of dark and white Blased with the glory of a west of gold.

The sbuttle still flice on. The loom of time Weaves tears and smiles in moments and in

years; Bright lines there are with rifts and rugged

knots—
But nevermore that mystic light appears,
Tet new I feel and bless the mission. 'Twas
The settling wings of love-sent messanger,
Who by the weaver stands and fairer makes
The tangled threads that darker are or were.

## The "Ivy Green."

BY JAMES F. CAMPBELL

EMOTE from the other houses in our

EMOTE from the other houses in our village, and so near to the restless waters of the bay that every violent storm sent its spray against the old weather beaten boards, stood a tavern, or gambling house, called the "Ivy Green."

It was Saturday night. Gumblers of every grade had assembled at the "Ivy Green," and their evil games were reaping a rich harvest from the many hard earnings of a week's work. Between the heavy claps of thunder could be heard wild snatches of music played by an expert violinist, and ac companied by some coarse song, that gave companied by some coarse song, that gave way now and then to the shouts of drunken hilarity, or the frequent wranglings at the

In the deep shadows of the doorway, a young woman steed and listened in an anxous, frightened manner to the drunken revels that were holding sway within. Several times she approached the door, but at each time some bacchanalian shout or low expression would cause her to shrink back in terror to her hiding-place, and raise her clasped hands in the attitude of prayer towards heaven

Beautiful Lilian Grey, once the pride of society and the daughter of wealth, now stood trembling before the entrance of a place whose evil society had ruined h generous hearted but easily led husband. As the poor woman raised her haggard, tear stained face towards heaven, she murmured, "Alone, and near this terrible den!
Oh, Heaves! is there no one to pity my
anguish, or warn my misguided husband of
the dark, overwhelming sorrow that may even now await us on our return home? Oh, if our little girl must be taken from us, grant that William may know of our sorrow before death has robbed us of our darling! How will he know? I dare not enter there! Oh, what shall I do!"

Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?—These bitter words yet lingered on Lilian Grey's lips when the door opened, and a tall, ane looking young man stepped out in front of the tavera light Though bearing tokens of recent dissipation, yet his gentlemanly appearance and dark blue eyes showed an intellect that that was eminently superior to the place and society with which he had been connected.

A slight noise attracted the young man's attention, and turning, he beheld the pale, tearful countenance of his young wife as she

stepped furward into the light.

"Oh, William, I am so glad that you came out! I was afraid to go in there." A look of relief passed over her face as she said this, and she stepped close to her astonished husband saide, as if he only could afford her protection and comfort. "Dear husband, protection and comfort. "Dear husband, the doctor said that little May was very iil; and he thinks she'll never get well. Mrs. Brown is with her now, and I came out l &ione in th dark to this terrible

find you."

A flash of shame passed over the young man's face as he thought of his timid little wife and what she must have undergone for his sake: and, putting his arm loving about her, he said, "There, Lily dear, don't worry so. It was wrong for me to c me to this place to night I ought not to have left home during little May's sickness. Lilian, I am a slave, a bondsman of the old 'Ivy Green's;' and this night I have found that a vicious appetite for strong drink has been my master. My intemperate habits have caused great misery to my little family, and now, if our little girl should be taken away from us what a restriction it would be to from us, what a retribution it would be to me! But we must not look at the dark side. The doctor has made a mistake. I have seen many cases of this fever, and little May was decidedly better a short time ago. It can't be possible that so short a time could have made so great a change in her. But come Lile leve have home?"

have made so great a change in her. But come, Lily, let's hurry home."

They had gone but a short distance, and were yet walking in the lighted path of the road, when a very rough, sullen-looking man stepped outside of the tavern door, and, seeing William Grey walking away from the "Ivy Green," he said:

"Hallo thar! ware are you goin' with that ar bundle o' aproa strings, Grey? 'Oause yer sot stuck two or three games, hain't no reason for yer to run away in that cowardly

manner. An' yer sha'n't do it, nether! Let yer woman wait till yer git through playing them games. That'd be a nice pudding for yer to mix—goin' to run away an' leave yer pariner to foot the racket! Don't yer try that game on me, yer young scale—way!"

yer try that game on me, yer young somewag!"
William Groy's pale face fushed with anger at this insulting address, and turning to the coarse intruder, he savagely demanded:
"Who are you using such insulting language to, you dog?"
"To you, an' don't yer git too cheeky, or I'll give yer a taste o' that!"
With this threat, the desperado swaggered up to the young man in a very insulting manner.

Angered beyond en urance, William Grey forgot everything. Even the haggard, frightened face by his side was forgotten, and gently pushing her aside, he dealt the ruffian a blow that laid him prostrate at his

With a yell of rege, the creetiallen bully regained his footing, and, brandishing a large knife that he had had concealed beneath his clothing, he ejaculated, between his ret teeth:

"No man never done that afore without gettin' his desart!"

Ah, what a scene! Standing in the pale light that fickered dimly through the falling rain. William Grey stood with elenched fists and flashing eyes; while his murderous adversary flourished above his head the keen-bladed knile, and glared with a deadly hatred at his antagonist. Back from the light, a slight figure stood as if transfixed to the earth.

Fortunately, the young man happened to see a portion of an oar that lay at his feet, and, stooping suddenly, he grasped it and

"Back! Back, I tell you! I am not re sponsible for actions of self-preservation. Stand back, if you love your own life!" Taking a step forward, the man sneeringly answered.

"Ah, ha! What do you think I care about that?"

Again the bright blade glistened in the tavern light; but suddenly the atmosphere became thick and suno ating; a crash of thunder, a ball of lurid light, and the would-

be homic'de lay a ghastly corpse.

The bright steel had attracted the electric The bright steel had attracted the electric fluid from the clouds. William Grey saw only a blinding sheet of flame descend from above to the upraised knife, and then fairly envelope the body of his antagonist. Instantaneous with this electric light came a desfeming crash of thunder that seemed to have the warr foundations of the certific part of the certific states.

dealening cresh of thunder that seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth.

The old "Ivv Green" shook with the electric shock. The lantern that was suspended outside was extinguished as it fell with a crash upon the ground, and the terrified inmates rushed through the doorway, expecting to find the old tavern wreathed in flames. Lilian Grey clutched her husband's arm, and resisting towards the disflaured. arm, and pointing towards the disfigured corpse, she said, in a husky, unnatural

'Come away! Hurry! This place is ac cursed, and there lies an example of Heaven's vengeance!

The storm was over. The dark clouds had melted away, and one by one each twinkling star shone through the flaccy tissue that could no longer obscure its cheerful

At the easterly extent of the village stood a small white cottage. Its dilapidated ap-pearance, broken fence, and a fertile garden overgrown with weeds, told a sad story of wilfu neglect, even as it seemed to bask in the effulgence of lunar light. This was Lilian Grey's home 'Ah! but could she cell it bome? If so, 'twas a cheerless one.

Just as the last beams of the disappearing moon bathed the little white cottage with its yellow light, the village doctor passed up the path, and was met at the door by an elderly lady.

"Ah! Mrs. Brown, has an hour's time brought any charge to my little patient?"
"I fear not, doctor. She has hardly stir

red since you left, and more than once it appeared as though she had breathed her lest Rut come up Mrs. Brown led the way up the stairs to the door of the sick chamber But just as she was about to turn the knob, a low, deep

voice caused her to pause, and, turning hastily to her companion, she said, "Hush, doctor; that is William. He is praying Ah, William Grey has received a sad wa'n-ing to night! I shudder when I think of that terrible affair at the 'Tvy Green' hotel And new poor little May may not live! All of this trouble in one night! Ah, Lilian! how my heart aches for you!"

There was a tremor in the kind neighbor's volce as she said this, and she turned her head to hide the tears of sympathy that it

was impossible for her to suppress.

When Mrs Brown finished speaking, the when his brown named speaking, the room again silent, and, opening the door, the two passed quietly in. William Grey and his grief stricken wite knelt by the bed side of their dying little daughter. The doctor walked across the room to his patient, and took the thin little hand in his. An expression of deep anxiety passed over his face as he felt her pulse. The fond father saw that look, and, grasping the doc-tor's hand, said:

tor's hand, said:

"Oan you do anvihing for her, doctorf
Oh, dear, she must not die! She must not
die!" And his voice sank to a hoarse whisper as he hid his face in the bod clothes near
his little girl.

Laying his head tenderly upon the poor
man's shoulder, the physician mid:

"Whatever is possible will be done, "William."

As the doctor spoke, the little patient's eyes slowly opened. Reason had returned, and, seeing her poor, weeping mother, she faintly said:

"Don't cry mamma! Papa may soon be "Here I am, darling! What can pape do

for little May? "Oh, 'ittle sick May so glad papa home

"Oh, 'ittle sick May so glad papa nome Now mamma won't cry any more. Papa always stay with mamma; papa won't go away with bed men any m're, an' leave dear mamma an' 'ittle May."

Tears, bitter, remorseful tears, rolled down William Grey's face; and in a choked, husky volce he answered:

"No, little one, papa won't go away with—with bad men any more."

"No, little one, pape won't go away with —with bad men any more."

'Me so glad! Me kiss pape! Mamma an' 'ittle May love pepa so much!"

A choking sound, a short gasp, and the fivgers of death had sile oed those little lips for ever with its icy touch

Like the budding rose she had only been given for a season, and now the dreaded frosts of death had done their work

With a startled cry, Lilian Grey turned an appealing look to the doctor, and whispered:

"Doctor, doctor! She is—she is—"
Tears filled the kind-hearted doctor's eyes

"Dead, Mrs. Grey! Poor little May has

gone to her rest."

Bitter trials, clouds of sorrow caused by a husband's intemperate habits—L'lian had borne them all with a rare fortitude; but now all seemed strangely dark, and with a low wall of anguish she sank fainting upon the death-b-d of her only child—the joy of her dreary life—the little sunshine among the clouds of her sorrow.

William Grey never forgot the promise he had made to his dying child. Little May's last blessing had disenthralled a slave That slave's galley was the old "Try Green," and that uncontrollable thirst for intoxicating liquors was his taskmaster. But the slave was disenthralled.

HISTORICAL REPRITITIONS.—That history repeats itself is an ancient truism. Every one has heard of Charlotte Corday, who killed the French tyrant Marat. but few people remember Cecile Renault, the young girl who attempted to follow in her footsteps. This young woman presented herself repeatedly at the house of Robespierre, urgently endeavoring to gain admittance to him; but Marat's fate had probably made his colleague suspicious, and the police searched a parcel Cecile earried. It contained two knives, and from this and other circumstances there appears little doubt that HISTORICAL REPOTITIONS.—That history circumstances there appears little doubt that the girl shared Charlotte Corday's enthusi Revault was suilletined on the charge of an intention to assessinate.

Joan of Arc is a familiar historical character; but only a vague memory survives of that "woman of Berri, named Catherine," who at the same time was urging her father to assist her in her "mission," gave out that she also had "beheld visions of fair ladies, with crowns of gold, who bade her go through France seeking subsidies and men-at arms for the Dauphin." This 'Cathe rine" never appears to have gained the be-liet of her neighbors, in spite of her promises that her "fair ladies" would "reveal hidden tressures" to her followers; and she is now

of the famous Maid of Orleans. One of the most curious instances of this kind of historical repetition occurred in the thirteenth century. It is stated that so uni-versal was the or unding enthusiasm at this era, that in 1218 no less than 80 000 chil dren set out for the Holy Land. This 'Child's Crusade' was organised by two worthless monks, who designed to sell their deluded victims as slaves in Africa. Ac cording to the story, nearly all the ships containing the young enthusiasts were wrecked off the coast of Italy. A few vessels reached Africa, where the unhappy children were sold as slaves and carried in to the interior of the country; some of the

to the interior of the country; some of the ships were driven into the port of Ganoa, where some of the young Orusaders were rescued and restored to their parents.

It is not long since that a successful cure was effected at one of the London hospitals by checking an apparently 'atal hemorrhage from a place where it was impossible to apply ban 'ages by the pressure of a finger on the wound till the place healed over. This contrivance was mentioned as a novelty; but the same treatment was successfully practiced over two hundred years ago, when the Prince of Orange was wounded in the neck by an assessin.

A fitting opportunity-The visit to the

### BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Orrest.—The great defect of an arithmetic was the use of latters instea the present signs of numbers and in he no 'tripher' or sero mark. These was troughed into Europe in the fourteenth tary by the Arabs.

PRACOCKE IN JUNEA.—In India, the cook is held in high veneration by tives, and on this account there is do shooting them, in consequence of out their religious feeling. Bometimes as as thousand or fiscen hundred a s a thousand or these hundre sen congregating together, an-plendid displays of their magnit

THE REGALIA OF GREMANY. THE REALIA OF GHEMANY.—The its risk grown of Garmany is of gold, hear set with pearls, and about a foot high. I scepter is about two feet in length and most sliver gilt. The globe carried is the E peror's hand is of the finest gold, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ incide in diameter, surmounted by a cross to blases with gens. Two circles surrout the globe at right angles, both encrusivith jewels

with jewels

TER UNERSOWN PUPIL—Once a week each pupit of one of the principal schools of Paris gives one cent to certain pupils who are charged with collecting this subscription. The sum thus collected is devoted to the education of a poor boy whose situation is enveloped in the greatest mystery. He receives the same education as his companions, subscribes his cent as they do. Three prudent persons are alone in the secret of this discreet obarity.

OATS—The persecutors of the feline race are often, no doubt, ignorant of the fact that cats had been the object of superstitious veneration in early times. In Egypt, for instance, the cut was defined as the patron of liberty, and a similar respect was shown it throughout the whole of the East. The Turks still regard "Tabby" as the "cleanest" of animals; Mahomet himself, indeed, having had a great liking for cats, it is only natural that all good Mussulmans should profess the same affection.

CHERTHER CULTURES—The Chinese takes

should profess the same affection.

CHIMMEN CULTURE —The Chinese take every care to increase the culture of fish and fowls by artificial incubatios. On their principal rivers there are thousands of fish-breeding establishments. The shad is almost entirely bred by artificial incubation, and large quanties are sent all over the country packed in coarse earthenware jars. Fowls are very cheap—about ten cents each—and eggs are also wonderfully cheap, the Chinese having discovered some secret method of increasing the foundity of homs.

Hen on very Loaperous —In the course

USE OF THE LOADSTONE.—In the course Use of the Loadetone.—In the course of his experiences as a medical missionary among the Mongols, a lately returned travelor has gathered some interesting information regarding their inner life, but perhaps the most curious item is that Mongol doctors are not entirely unacquainted with the properties of galvanism. It is said that they are in the habit of prescribing the loadstone ore, reduced to powder, as efficacions when applied to sores, and he states that one man hard of hearing had been recommended by a pative physician to put a piece of leadstone into each ear and chew a piece of iros in his mouth. of iron in his mouth.

Lynch Law —Judge Lynch and Lynch law have been usually supposed of American origin, but some doubt is thrown upon this by an English paper, which says that the Virginian farmer named Lynch, who flogged a thief with his own hands, has prothe Virginian farmer named Lynch, who flogged a thief wi h his own hands, has probably no claim to the honor sacribed to him by a doubtful tradition. by a doubtful tradition. There was a Jadge Lynch who was sent to America in 1687-86 to suppress piracy; but the real Lynch is said to have been a certain Mayor of Galway, at the close of the fifteenth century, who became famous "for hanging his own son with his own bands, out of the upper window, in execution of a death sent-no

BULLET RIDDLED -There was in Detroit last week a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered bis left arm; the second gave him a seelp wound; the third bit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself bit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed, an exploding shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runawaw ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet to day he is seemingly hale and hearty, and walks without a limp.

ET. NIGHOLAS, PATRON OF MAIDERS.—
He was also the patron of boys and of sallors. Once no less than \$76 churches on the English coast were dedicated in his name. Churches in towns where there are navion. English coast were dedicated in his name. Ohurches in towns where there are navigable rivers might be added to this list. The stained glass (believed to be from the Continent and about three centuries old) that is placed in the centre of the west window of Great Tarmouth Church shows St. Michoba in his Episcopal robes, engaged in perforwing the mirac's of bringing the cut up bodies of boys to life in a tab. His patronage over madess is confived to Continental countries—France, Raly, Holland He is one of the traditional ancestors of Oriss-Kingle. WICH THE APRICO.

ST L. W. S.

The anima woods are gold and brown, And the purple Such of summer Has faded from the Mil. O anima isaves, fall thick and fact; O anima winds, blow free, and speed the bitter mention.

Are peopled and violet.
Are peopled through the plain,
And the flame of the golden crocus
flas it the land again.
Ond and bioseom, quishen fast,
Bedsek the barren tree,
And bring the spring, for with the spring
ity love comes back to me.

## The Wedding Excursion.

BY ALLEN MORPETE.

HE wedding day had arrived, and all was bright and auspicious. The morning dawned without a cloud; the flow-

Precisely at the proper moment the bride retired to put on a traveling dress and take a sed leave of her mother.

The mother proceeded to comfort the mourning bride after her own fashion.

"Now, my dear love, do compose yourself. What is to become of me, if you give way to your isellings in this manner! Hark, I hear the carriage drawing up! Now, my dear, don't let me have to blush for you at the last; so well as you behaved through the ceremony—no trembling, no tears, no non-sense et any kind; but let me give you one piece of advice—when you return don't let Tomkins lay a finger on your hair; I was quite shocked when we were in church to see what a fris he had made it."

"Oa, mamma, don't, pray don't talk so;

"Oa, mamma, don't, pray don't talk so; what signify curis or anything else at a time like this," replied the daughter. "I never expected to suffer so much at leaving home—I sear I have done a foolish thing—I am obsuging a certainty for an uncertainty—even the chairs and tables seem to know that I am going—and the poor looking glass that I have dressed at so often—"The lair speaker was here overcome by her reminiscences, and had recourse to silence and her soont bottle.

"Mary Anne," replied the matron.
"Mary Anne, this is neither behaving like a sensible girl nor a good daughter; and I count it perfectly insulting to poor deer George, and exceedingly ungrateful to your father and myself—

She was here interrupted by the entrance of the bridesmaid, wild with present honor and prospective pleasure.

She had at first voted most warmly in favor of Cheltenham as the scene of the wedding exewsion; but the bridegroom having with equal consideration and good takes assigned aer a companion in (files, a charming young man, inasmuch as ne was in uniing young man, inesmuch as no was in uniform and unmarried, she was now perfectly contented that they should journey to the

"What, not ready yet?" was her exclama-tion on entering the room, "and the carriage waiting, and the luggage fastened on—and George asking for you every instant. Oh, my dear, what is the good of making such a mast Come, take my arm, and let me set you an example; there—never saw you look so well—never! We shall have a charming excursion. I seem as if I had known Captain Best ten years; now, no more tears, I beg-everyone has been paying you such compliments, and George is so proud of you, and I have been taiking about you to the Dickenses till they are ready to die with contents.

Thus reassured the bride suffered herself to be comforted; and she was again led into

Everyone came forward to say something equally appropriate and delightful till it appeared that so suitable, so anspicious, so every way happy a union had never occurred in the annals of matrimony.

At length the bride with becoming alowness assembled the carriage—the bride-maid having less dignity to support moved after her at a quicker pace—the gentleman took their appointed stations—heads were bowed, and handkerchieft displayed—the carriage drove off—and thus commenced the first act of the wedding arcurrion.

The present bride was devoted to dress,

The present bride was devoted to dress, fashion, and galety. She had accepted her first offer because it was a good one, and she became attached because she was going to be married.

The gentleman was a good natured, good looking young man, not overburdened with talent and feeling, but one who could make himself sufficiently agreeable amongst common place people, and talk sufficiently well on all common place lopics.

Elad his bride elect jitted him, it would not perhaps have broken his heart; nevertheless he believed her to be a very charming young woman, and was fully resolved to make her a good lastianad.

About a fortnight had elapsed since the ampicious day, during which period our heridal party had visited much of the scenery The gentleman was a good natured, good looking young man, not overburdened with

of the north; with what effect the following

of the north; with what effect the following conversation will evidence.

It was evening and the married pair stood together, on as lovely a spot as this, or any other country can exhibit

"Dalightful evening," said the bridegroom, at the same moment contradicting his assertions with a yawn.

"Pretty the water looks," replied the bride, in a languid tone

"Very," rerlied the gentleman.

"What are we to do to-morrow, love?" inquired the lady, after a considerable interval of silence.

"Bon't know, indeed, my dear. I suppose Best and Sophia have planned an excursion somewhere," and again the bridegroom closed his sentence with a yawn.

"I think we must have seen everything; at least I feel as if we had," observed his companion; "don't you think, love, a set of colored views gives one just as good an idea of these places as coming to see them?"

"Exactly; but then there's the say so. I wish I had brought my flute and Sebing tackle with me; Hest is not half such good company as I expected...."

"And Sophia." interrupted the bride, "is

tackle with me; Best is not half such good company as I expected—"
"And Sophia," interrupted the bride, "is most exceedingly inattentive. I wish we had gone to Cheltenbain; wast are we to do if there comes another wet day?"
"Why, you know, my dear," said her husband, "I told you what would happen; these places are only pleasant when you have a large party with you."
"Indeed, George, you are quite right; and I wish with all my heart we were at home. Do, love, let us get home; I am sure we

I wish with all my heart we were at home. Do, love, let us get home; I am sure we have seen everything here."

"Well, my deer," replied the gentleman, with vivacity, "I m sure you have my consent, and I'll take you down to Cheltenham for a week or two when our bustle is over at home. I should like that trip myself." The bride was in ecstasie

While this conjugal dislogue took place without doors, the bridesmaid and her brother in office, stationed at the inn window

which commanded a view of the same scene, held a conference in a very different strain.

"Who could ever tire of this scenery?" exclaimed the young lair, with enthusiasm.

"Not in such society," replied her companion; "I shall never have such another fornight."

"Impossible, we never can have been out a whole fortnight—it has not appeared a

'Then you are not tired?"
'Tired! I could live here for ever," was

"Tired I could live here for ever," was the gallant captain's reply.

They were interrupted to receive the information with which the render is already acquainted. The change of plans did not meet with their approval, and it was with very different feelings that the bride and bridesmaid sat down to write their respective letters; the former to her mother, the latter to a most intimate friend. We subjoin extracts from both:

"Indeed, my dear mother, if I were to be married a hundred times, I would neither come to this country, nor travel with a bridesmaid. Both Sophia and Captain Best pay George and myself scarcely any attention. I suspect they intend to have a wedding excursion of their own be ore long. There is very little company here this season, at least what I call company. By the way, how came we all to forget that the races were so much earlier this year? Goorge is extremely vexed, as there will be no other ball before the winter assemblies commence. I think it would be a thousand pities to lose this components of making management. this opportunity of m-king my appearance We have, therefore, decided to shorten our excursion, and you may expect us home in a few days. I know I can trust you to arrange my wardrobe against my return Have you any idea what strangers intend to call upon met George's acquaintances and mine will, when added together, make ch a large circle that I am not exceeding. ly anxious for new friends unless they are particularly styliab people. With my best love, in which George joins, believe me, my dear mother, Your affectionate child.

The following are the closing remarks contained in the bridesmand's epistle:

contained in the bridesmand's epistic:

"And now, my dear friend, will you give credit to my assurance, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith are utterly insensible to the charms of this earthly paradise. Excursions which have enraptured Captain Best and myself have overwhelmed them with ensur. They are perpetually sighing for noney pleasures and vulgar galety, whilst we are contented with a solitary walk or ride, during which we are obliged to entertain each other. Is it not provoking that our happy couple should have determined to return home in mediately. O ptain Best regrets as much as I do this change in our plans, for, as he justly remarks, we shall have no pleasure in conversing in a crowd. I am attached to the country, and if I were to be married a hundred times, it should be the scene of my wedding excursion. Captain Best interrupts me, to solicit one farewell ramble hefore we leave these enchanting scenes, perhaps for ever.

"Reliance me unalterable mores." perhaps for ever.

"Believe me unalterably yours.

"Ees"

The reader will anticipate the result of this farewell ramble. It was twilight, the witching boar of romance.

witching boar of romance.

The conversation we do not disclose; but when the ramblers returned to the inn, the young lady retired, to add in a postscript, that she was engaged to be married.

Captain Best found the "happy couple" where he had left them, with this change in their occupations: that the bridegroom, having pared his nails, was waisting a w its, and that the bride, having finished her letter, had taken up an old newspaper.

Thus ended a wedding excursion, in the course of which two of the same party fell out of love, and the remaining two fell in. What effect a return into the world produced upon their respective feelings we duced upon their respective feelings we leave as a problem to be solved by the saga-cious reader.

## Cleared Away.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

LOUDY and gloomy the twilight was settling down, a fitting close to a cheer less day; it was not raining, but the dull, heavy mist from the sea awung lew o'er the little town, and seemed like a shroud to the young girl who stood upon the rocks, watching the hungry waves, with forming lips, beating far beneath her; stood unmindful of the damp, cold mist and salt spray, or the lowering twilight; it seemed so like her life, so devoid of brightness.

Hers had been such a brief life, too, to make her so weary; it was not that it had been crowded with sorrow; it had had its share, as whose had not? but it was so dull, so eventless, each day like its predecessor;

so eventless, each day like its predeces nothing in anticipation, a dreary road be-fore her, a dreary blank behind.

She was only eighteen, this tall, frail girl with her glorious beauty, her lofty aspirations and inherent love of the beautiful. She selt so eramped and crowded in this little alcepy town! She had no home ties to bind her; she found nothing congenial in the rough family where she was bred; she was not sure of anything, not even parentage; perhaps her mother was a lady; but, poor child! when things went wrong at the cottage, it was anything but that they told her. Never was she known to be angry except on this subject; here was a sensitive mature that griev'd alone, and fid not spend itself in wild railings. She had a memory of a lady with great dark eyes, or she imagined she had, and she felt sure Captain Grant and his wife knew more than tle sleepy town! She had no home ties to tain Grant and his wife knew more than

tain Grant and his wile knew more man they would tell her.

The waves fretted and beat as if they, too, would break their tetters, and Margaret Grant, whose very soul seemed looking out from the great velvety eyes, wearily brushed back the bromse brown hair, and turned back the bromse brown hair, and turned to the from the dream as a hefore her

with a sigh from the dreary sea before her to the drearier town beyond.

A light shone from the cottage window, and, quietly opening the door, she was surprised to find a stranger there, who, she carned, was Mrs Arthur. She remembered the name—remembered that Captain Grant's sister married a gentleman of bigh standing, whose name was Arthur, and Captain Grant's own family held a position in society equal to sny; but the wayward boy ran away to sea when a mere child, with manners unformed and no education, and from that time he was as dead to his proud and haughty father, whose other son proud and naughty lather, whose other son was also always roving, always restless at home; so the d.rling daughter was the father's pet and pride But the gentle lady could never forget the curley haired brother, so she had visited Captain Grant many times; and once Margaret remembered see ing this lady; it was away back in her baby-hood, but she had been wind to the motherless child, and Margaret was glad she had dome again, though ber sable robes told

Long after Margaret had gone to her bed in the little room above, she could hear their voices; this she thought very strange, as the old captain had been failing for a year, and never did the nine o'clock bell from the little chapel on the hill find him awake; carly hours was the rule at the cottage; but at her window, dreaming, long after sleep, deep and solemn, brooded over the town, did Margaret spend many hours.

The thought of the little chapel brought

other and brighter thoughts of the rector's handsome nephew, who taught the one school in the town. And this was the only bright spot in Margaret's dreary life. He took such trouble with the beautiful, thought ful gir)—iaught her much, talked to her more, loaned her books suited to a mind like hers, made things clear to her, and in like hers, made things clear to her, and in every way helped in the upward progress of a mind which he recognised as superior to those about it. And in Mark Trevor Margaret found that glimpse of a world so beautiful and bright. Poor child! she fooli hiy imagined that in the world beyond the little, dull town all men were as brave and true as Mark Trever; and in the few months of his Mark Trevor; and in the few months of his stay in the town she had learned another lesson than that of history, proce or poetry, and the teacher, too, proved an apt pupil in a lesson not taught from books.

In the morning, Margaret was surprised and pleased to be met with a smile and a

kiss, and soon learned to know and love well "suntie," as Mrs. Arthur wished to be called; and between long lessons with Mark, and sweet chats with "auntie," her life was

and sweet chats with 'auntie," her life was growing bright.

In a ew weeks death visited the cottage, taking the captain as his victim. Never will Margaret forget the wild rolling eyes as he turned them upon Mrs. Arthur, and cried, 'Elisa, do not forget the girl!"

The captain's wife returned to her brother, and Margaret was at last to find the realisation of her dreams—a life in the city. Oh, she was so happy! perhaps she would find her father. Her mother, she knew, was dead, for her grave was long aco pointed out to her in the quiet churchyard, with the marble stone so cold and white, with only "Margaret, aged twenty years," inonly "Margaret, aged twenty years," in-scribed thereon; and she had been told of the handsome stranger, who never took the least interest in the baby girl that he left with Captain Grant.
Did she wisn to know the father? Ah

yes! the ties of nature are strong in a heart like Margaret's. But how could she leave Mark? She covsoled herself by picturing the education she would acquire, and how proud Mark would be of her succe

Mark's blue eyes were wisty and sad as he held the little hands and realised what he was losing; but not a cloud would be rais to blur the brightness of her skies, and, bidding her not to forget old friends in the excitement of her new life, with a calm face he parted with the happiness of his life.

Four years had passed since Margaret Grant had found in Mrs. Arthur's paintful massion the home for which she had always longed. She had been thoroughly aducated, and now, after years of study, she was a fin-

Mr. Grant's son had not been at home once in the years that the house had been Margaret's home, neither could they tell

Margaret's home, peither could they tell when, if ever, he would return.

One night, Margaret was thinking of him.
"Auntie," in looking over some old papers belonging to her brother, had dropped a ministure, and Margaret picked it up and encountered the great, sad eyes she had always pictured as her mother's. With a start she cried, "Oh, auntie, this is my mother's!" On the back of the picture she read, "Margaret, Venice, May 12"

Aunt Arthur was stricken dumb for the moment. She talked a long time with Margaret, who went to her room with swollen

garet, who went to her room with swollen eyes and pallid cheeks.

The picture was given her, and one night in some freak she donned a dress as nearly resembling that of her mother as possible. She stood in the full glow of the chandelier when the door opened to admit a gen-tleman, tall and handsome, whose silver hair was pushed from a brow wide and white. He looked up, stood as if spellbound, them grasped the nearest chair for support.

'Great Heaven, it is Margaret!'
In that moment Margaret Grant knew this man to be the stranger who had placed the stone at her mother's grave—her father. With wild eyes she started forward; but Mrs. Arthur entered, comprehending at a glavee, and, taking Margaret's hand, said, "Robert, this is the daughter you deserted."

"It is false! I never descried the child. Often, when that baby slept, I visited my brother, and provided for her comfort, till his wife told me she was dead, and showed me its grave."

Margaret started to her feet.

"Is this true? Then tell me of my mo-ther!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

· Ours was a runaway match. Dean was the daughter of an Italian mother and an English gentleman, who intended her for a triend of his, whom she not only could not love, but whom she teared. I met the beautiful dark eyed girl, and we were married and spent our time in traveling until you wer born. In two short years my sweeter resting place than the quiet grave-yard in the little country town where my brother lived. I dared not tell my father, knowing my brother's tate would be my

Oh, what a peace settled upon Margaret! Months passed, and she was the pride of all. Hers was too noble a nature to allow her to spend her time in vain pleasures alone. She visited the sick and afflicted, and the city hospitals furnished her opportunities in plenty. It was in such a place that she again met Mark Trevor: he was a physician now. He raised his blue eyes, and in one glance knew Margaret to be the same earnest, thoughtful girl, "unspotted from the world.

The sun shone brightly on the wedding-day of Mark Trevor and Margiret Grant. And with tender blessings she entered her new found world

There is a man out West who says he knew a man to go out in the back yard to thaw out a pump, and the man was sun-struck before he could get his overcoat off, and before he could be carried into the house he froze stiff.

An undertaker in Texas calls himself a 'mortuorion."

There are ten kinds of Baptists.

TO-DAY. .

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Lo ! here bath been dawning another bine day ; Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away !

Out of eternity This new day is born ; Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime, We eye ever did; So soon it for ever From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning, Another blue day; Think, wilt thou let it Sifp useless away?

## THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXIV .- (CONTINUED ) RANK BEACHAM walked to the end of the garden, where he found Tom standing moodily by the gate, staring

down the road, upon vacancy.

Without uttering a word, the brother of
Lucy Beacham crept closely to bis side,
placed his hand in his, and pressed it

ervently.
'Thank you, thank you,' muttered Tom "I can't speak to you yet. I shall be better presently, but the blow has been a severe one. So sudden, so unlooked for." "And I have inflicted it," exclaimed his

friend in a tone of self reproach.
"It is not your fault. My own, all my own, and yet I acted as I thought for the

"If Lucy has deceived you," said Frank,

"Not a word, not a breath against your sister," interrupted his friend. "She never suspected my feelings towards her. I was so careful, so guarded. I thought it best to wait till I had passed, and was in a position to support her. My fatal prudence has de-

'Den't say that, Tom; pray don't say

"You acted much more wisely, Frank," continued the young lawyer. "Instead of toying with the cup of happiness, you grasped it, raised it like a sensible fellow to your lips, whilst I-fool ! fool !"

For some time the two friends walked together in silence. It was an intense relief to the mind of her brother that Lucy had not acted with fickleness, had not triffed with the heart of his true friend.

"I wish you would get me my hat, Frank," said the latter.

"Your hat?"

in with me?"

"Yes. I had better return to town. I can't stay to cast a damp on your happiness. I am not so selfish as that ''

"You selfish ! oh-"You selfish I oh——"
"Besides, Lizzy will only smile at me."
"Smile, Tom. I left her in tears. You spoke of my happiness. If you mean happy with my wife, I am truly so; if to any supposed satisfaction at Lucy's brilliant prospects, it has vanished since I have learnt the cruel price that must be paid for it. By heavens, added the speaker, "I would rather have seen her united to you, than to the noblest peer in Edgland. You will go

No, no." "Let me remain with you then. I will not utter another word unless you wish it; but I can't, I won't leave you in your sorrow. We have been too long friends, have passed too many happy hours together for that. Friendship has its rights as well

"As you will, Frank, as you will." More than an hour elapsed before the speakers returned to the house. When they entered the little parlor, they found Lizzy ceated weeping near the The instant she saw Tom Briarly, the kind-hearted girl, who had lately blushed and heaitated when her husband requested her to kiss his friend, threw her arms voluntarily round his neck without uttering a She knew that silence was the most word grateful sympathy.

It was the caress of a sister.
Frank Beacham thought his wife never looked so lovely as at that moment, and

we question if she ever did. There are moments in the life of every woman when the veil falls and the ang

"Not a word of this mischief," said To said Tom when he bade his friend good-night, "to Lucy. It might cast a shade upon her Promise me that,'

happiness Promise "Most faithfully." "And say," added the young lawyer, struggling for firmness, "that her old friend, Tom Briarly, wishes her every blessing a brother can wish to a sister."

"I will. Good bye. God bless you." There was a silent wringing of hands, and the friends parted.

At breakfast the following morning. Mr.

Quarl could not avoid being greatly struck by the altered appearance of his nephew; his eyes were dull and heavy, as if he had passed a sleepless night, and his cheeks had

lost the raddy has of health. He observed, too, that he are like one who leathed his food, but made a violent effort to partials of

"Are you ill, Tour?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the young man without regarding him

"No," repeated the lawyer. "What do you mean by not I say that you are ill, and I ivisist on you seeing a physician."

"A temporary indisposition. It will soon pass—a slight headache."

His relative thought, and with reason, that he looked more like one who had the heartache.

"No bad news of Frank, I trust?" he added.

"I found him very happy, sir, and grateful to you for all your kindness."
"Humph!" ejaculated the old man; a sure sign that he felt anything but satis-

"Heard from his father?" "No."

"His sister."

"Miss Bescham is about to be married, sir," replied Tom, speaking deliberately to master his emotion, "to the Harl of Relip. A brilliant match, but she is in every way deserving of it."
"And have you written to congratulate

His nephew started.

"Ah!" said the lawyer, in the tone of a man upon whom a light had suddenly

"I have not done that, sir," replied the disappointed lover of Lucy almost fleroely. "I have not done that."

For several minutes neither of them

"Tom," said Mr. Quarl, "you have been overworking yourself I ought to have noticed it before. You had better rest for a

few days.
'Tudeed I do not require it.''

"But I say you do, and I insist upon your taking a holiday. Leave London for a week—a month if you find it necessary."
"You ere very kind."

"Will you go to Wravcourt?"
"I would rather not go there."
"On the Continent, then?"

There was a second start and a look of pain, that confirmed the speaker in his opicion that the marriage of Lucy Beacham was the cause of his nephew's suffering.

"Go where you will," he added. "It is immaterial, provided you find change. That is the essential. I know it by experiment."

"You, sir!"

"Strange, is it not?"
"I know not why it should be so," replied his nephew.

his nephew.

'Your surprise was only natural," observed his uncle. "The green sapling can scarcely comprehend that the gnarled and withered cak was ever weak and pliant as itself. Leave London," he repeated; "it is my wish—if necessary, my command. Travel over England. There are a thousand nooks and green lanes worthy of the wanderer's admiration. All I ask is that you write to me, Tom. Let me hear from you regularly. Spare no expense, no amount, no distraction. I can well afford, and you require it "

amount, no distraction. I can well afford, and you require it "

No further explanation passed between them. They understood each other; and that same day the nephew started for Scotland. It had long been his desire to visit Edinborough. Not that he contemplated remaining there. In his present mood he falt that he would much rather seek the Highlands, and hold communion face to face with Nature.

(Peoer bowl poor how!" marmured the

'Poor boy! poor boy!" murmured the lawyer. when he saw him depart. "It is hard, very hard, the blight should fall in the spring of life; but he bears it bravely. Would I had known it sooner I trust the girl has not jilted him for a corougt. Of course she has," he added bitterly. "It is like the fickle sex—like them all."

Our readers must not forget that the speaker was a confirmed old bachelor. Most probably they may one day know the reasons that kept him one.

Although Mr. Quarl observed the most account of the control of the contro

scrupulous delicat/ to his nephew respecting his attachment to Lucy, he felt so much restraint with Frank, but questioned him plainly the first time he made his appearance at the office.

Tue explanation at once disabused him as far as the conduct of Lucy was concern-

"But are you quite oure," he said, "that your sister did not reject him?" 'Quite sure, sir."

"Nor deceive him!" "Still more certain," replied the brother.
"Tom told me himself that he never gave her the slightest hint of his love for her. I wish he had, I wish he had. He seared you might object, and determined to wait till he bad passed his examination."

"Poor lad! poor lad! he might have trust ed me "

"I did not even suspect it myself," con-tinued Frank. 'Had Lucy deceived him I could never have loved her as a sister again."

Mr. Quari expressed himself convinced, and mustered the word "fatality." A sin-

gular doctrine, if he really held it, for one of his profession.

The marriage of the Buri of Rislip evented quite a secution in the little empired of fich wineberg. The graind dules not only honoused it with his presente, but requested that it should be religiousled in the chapes of the palace. Poor Leev would much rather have preferred the English chapel, but Madame Pinhert overmied her objections. Her pride, as well as affection for her young relative was gratified.

One point, however, she insisted on—that the covernous should be performed by the British chaptain. German marriage, she said, might be all very well, but she had more faith in an English one: added to which, in the absence of Leay's father, she felt her responsibilities.

"You are quite right," observed the The marriage of the Buri of Rislip on

"You are quite right," observed the Hon. Edward Berrington, whom she had consulted on the point. "Although a marriage celebrated by a Lutherrn clargyman would be pariently legal, one performed by the British chaplain in my presence is undisputably so, and we cannot be too careful."

On the appointed for Mr. The contract of the property of the prope

On the appointed day Mrs. Berrington, who telt a warm interest in the bride, assisted at her toilet, and took her to the grand ducal chapel in her own carriage. Miss Charlton, still true to the dictates of pride,

was present as one of the bridemaids.
Of course it cost her an effort, which no one but her brother suspected.

one but her brother suspected.

At last the ceremony was over, every legal form gone through, the attestation of the English minister to the register appeaded, and Lucy Countess of Rulip.

Directly after the breakfast, which Mrs. Berington insisted on giving at the embassy, to the intense diagnet of the lendland of the Black Eagle, a carriage drove up to the door. The words of adieu were spoken, and the bride and bridegroom started on the'r wedding-tour to Italy.

Madame Pishert had returned to the hotel, tired out with the excitament of the day, when to her asterishment Mr. Beacham was announced. He had heard of the intended marriage, and travelled night and day to be present, and bitter were his expressions of disappointment.

"All your own fault," observed the lady. "I wrote to you. Lucy wrote to you. You should have left your address,"

"Who is this Earl of Riship?"

"A much better son-in law than you deserve." replied Madame Pishert tarily.

"A much better son-in law than you deserve," replied Madame Pishert tartly, but not a whit too good for your daughter. but not a whit too good for your daughter.
Really, Mr. Bescham, you are a most ungrateful person. On the reath of your wife,
I took charge of Lucy. You never troubled
vourself respecting her; never wrote to her.
A brilliant marriage offered, and she married. Who can blame her?

' Have I no feelings to be consulted ? No dignity to wound?"
"A great deal more dignity than feeling."

observed his cousin; 'and not much of either in the real sense of the word. Act like a realizable being for once in your life Sleep upon it, and in the morning write an affectionate letter to Lucy and her

'I must see them first."

"See them ! nonsense."
"I tell you I must," repeated the gentle-

"Mr. Beacham," said the lady, "your conduct has been a paradox ever since I have known you. You first neglect your child and then go into the most unreasonable heroics because she marries without your consent. Was she to wait till you made your appearance? Everything is for the best, rely upon it. My conscience acquite

"What kind of man is Lord Rislip ?"
"Most amiable, dignified, and amiable."

"I mean in person,"
"Handsome; tall; dark; good figure."
"He has a scar just here, close to the right

The speaker placed his finger close to the spot wear his own temple as he spoke.

greatly surprised. "Now you mention it, I recollect that he has. But how came you to know it?"

The father of Lucy smiled bitterly. "What can a scar signify in a husband?" continued his cousin. "The casential is that Lord Rislip is not only a man of honor, but dotingly fond of Lucy and unusually rich."

"Compensation in that," replied Mr. Beacham. 'I admit there is some compen-sation in that. I will write to them in the

### CHAPTER XXV.

LEEP brings reflection, and reflection is sometimes a most beneficial advisor.

Mr. Beacham found it so, for when he appeared at the breakfast table on the io lowing morning his manner had entirely changed, the air of outraged parental dignity had diseppeared, and be spoke of his daughter's marriage with complacency; nay, even went so far as to thank Madame Pinhert for the purplesses she had cheemed to the purplesses and had cheemed to the purplesses and the complete to the for the prudence she had shown in bringing it to a happy conclusion
"It was kind of you," he observed, "very kind; poor Lucy had no mother to advise

"Her mother," replied the lady, some what tartly, for she had not forgetten the seeme of the preceding night, "was a most weak person—so character; no recolution; a mere automaton who woved and need-just so you pulled the wires. To think of her marrying you without making any settlement of her property! I should like to have seen the man," she n'did, "who would have parsended me to such as not of folly."

would have parsented me to such an sor or folly."

Herr Pishert looked as if he would have liked to have known him too; possibly for the advantage of taking a lesson from

For some reason Mr. Beacham had a preat distante to entering on any discussion especting the portion of his lets wife, so he sastened to change the subject. Tahali write to the earl and Lucy," he aid.

"In a proper spirit, I trust," said the lady. "Mo mock heroics, so dignity—I mean, to your daughter. His lordship, as a man of the world; would merely laugh at

"I shall write as a parent owekt. But you must allow, cousin, that my anger last night was nothing more than reason-able."

able."

"I shall allow nothing of the kind.
The match is far beyond an thing you had a right to expect. Had Lucy remained with you, it never would have taken place. As for your feelings, I have no faith in them. It appears to me that you were only too anxious to get rid of both of your children."

"Madame!"

"The idea of placing Frank with the

"The ides of piscing Frank with that abominable Dr. Slop."
"He has left him."
"G'ad to hear it."

"I have cast him off for ever," added Mr.

Beachem.
"Another had action," replied his cousin. with the most provoking "almness. "Cast him off, indeed. What has the poor boy "Married without my consent"

"Did he know where to find you?"
"His conduct is not the less inexcusable.
An ungrateful scoundrel!"

An ungrateful scoundrel!"
This, bye the bye, was a favorite expictive with the father of Lucy and Frank.
"Like you men," exclaimed Madame
Pishert, who certainly was greatly surprised
by the intelligence. "No reson—no logic.
You are about to write an affectionate letter to Lucy, although she married without your consent, because her husband is wealthy and a peer, I presume; and at the same time renounce her brother for the same offence. But I understand it: his wife is poor."

"A beggar." "I thought so."

"I thought so."
"Worse"

Madame pisohed her lips together. She had taken a liking for poor Frank, but the feeling was not sufficiently strong to induce her to look over any impropriety of conduct on the part of his wife. She was a great stickler for female vi tue.

"A ballet girl," added her cousin, in a tone of utter diagust.
"Is that all?"

"Is that all?"

"Is that all?"

"All," repeated Mr. Beacham. "Could it have been worse!"

"Much." replied the lady positively. "Look you, I am not going to justify Frank, who appears to me to have committed a most inexcurable act of folly. But folly is not vice, neither does it always bring disgrace. As I have no faith in your judgment. I shall suspend my own."

"Complimentary."
"I did not intend to be complimentary.

am only truthful."
"I will at once enable you to come to a conclusion respecting the wretched boy's conduct," said his father, handing her the letter Frank had written to announce bis marriage, which had reached him at last. "Read, and 'hen defend him if you can."

"Idame Pishert put on her spectacles and respectables and respectables and respectables."

end in the most business like meaner; not content wish that she referred to certain passages once or twice, then folded it method-ically, and gave is back to bim again.
"I trust you are satisfied," said the

"Quite so, to find that his wife is good and virtuous," replied the lady. 'Thrown as they were together, and friendless as the girl appears to have been, it was only natural they should fall in love "

'Love ! ridiculous !" "Without an estate, you mean. I am perfectly aware, Mr. Beacham, that you would never have committed such an act of imprudence, but recollect we are not all calculating machines. Where would you have been if his poor mother had thought as you think? It is his property, I believe,

The gentleman turned impatiently aside. Somehow he never would listen to any observation or discussion respecting his late

"I shall write to Frank," the lady con-

tinged.
'Tell him I renounce him.' 'Send your nanatural, disagreeable mes-sages yourself,'' replied his cousin. The escentric but really kind-hearted b Frank's after struggles through He he bund the purse and heart of Madame 'shortcpen to him. Mr. Beache w's

his daughter and her husband on their trings were written in the most affect ale time, securing them that he walted patiently for the moment when he might is more press his darling Lecy to his it and heatow upon her his blessing, in due time the reply arrived. Lady lip's was full of praise of her husband's diset, and assurances of her husband's diset, and assurances of her husband's diset, as a matter of course, was not

Malip's was full of praise of her assumes conduct, and assurances of her happiness; the earl's, as a matter of course, was not so demonstrative, but nothing appeared wanting on the score of politicass. He thanked his father is law for his good wishes, and informed him that himself and bride were about to prolong their tour to ligger and the Holy Land, for which countries they started in a week. The letters were dated Naples.

"Bless me !" exclaimed Madame Pishert when she heard the news. "What can

"Niess me !" excisimed Madame Pishert when she heard the news. "What can take them there? I wish I had known it some. How I should have liked to have gone with them."

Her cousin smiled bitterly and left the room. A few days afterwards he returned to England.

Two years elapsed before any intelligence was heard of the Earl and Countess of Rislip, and then only indirectly, when it was reported they were in Paris.

We must not, however, anticipate

It is time for us to return to the Berring-

Few persons would have recognised in the grave and thoughtful wife of the representative of England at the little Court of Solwineberg the once gav-spirited Clara Bouchier. In society it was quietly whispered that she was mad. Of course the report did not reach her ears—such reports rarely do—and the conduct of her husband and sister-in-law tended to confirm it.

Not that they were unkind or ever appear-

and sister-in-law tended to confirm it.

Not that they were unkind or ever appeared to thwart her. The gentleman treated her with dignified politeness and cold formality; between them an impassable gulf appeared to have yawred, and Elizabeth Berrington, who could have bridged it over by a candid confession of her tranchery, was not the woman to her treachery, was not the woman to sacrifice herself or her brother's opinion. She had chosen the path of crime and found retreat impossible.

To the injured wife the explanation of their singular conduct was in the second

their singular conduct was in the conviction of her husband's insanity. More than once she had quitted her solitary chamber to listen at the door of his room to his ravings. She could not doubt it; everything conspired

to prove it.
One singularity struck her; frequently as she had written to Dr. Bray, and her friends at Wraycourt, not one of them had replied

Her letters could not have miscarried, at least she believed not. Were they not sent in the bag of embassy, under diplomatic seal, through the Foreign office? Poor Clars I she had much to learn. Such was the position of affairs when the

Hon. Mr. Berrington received a summons from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to

come to London; a treaty cemevted with the Zulman or a royal marriage, immater-ial which, required his presence. His wife saked to accompany him, but was refused, on the plea that his visit would not last more than two days—the state of her health—any reason short of the

On the departure of her husband, Percy Murray, the old secretary of legation, became minister plenipotentiary pre tem. The distinction was merely an honorary one, but the gentleman took it seriously. He was a diplomat of the old school, deep by versed in precedents and etiquette, and as skilful in unraveling a court intrigue as a parish school girl with her knitting-medies.

-true, it was not a very laborious or important one—and according to rules of promotion ought to have been appointed minister, and would have been had not the superior interest of the Hon. Edward Berrington obtained it. True to his principles, the secretary made no com-plaint, received his rival with simple courtesy, and continued to fill the duties of office with the most exemplary regularity, while his heart was all the while filled with bitter resentment of the injustice of which he considered himself a victim.

It was only natural, therefore, that Percy Murray should enjoy the brief author-ity which the absence of his principal conrred on him

Elizabeth Berrington smiled at the o E'imbeth Berrington smiled at the cere-mony with which he caused himself to be announced every morning when he made his call. It was always, "His excellency the British minister." Had the assumption been limited to that one little display, she might have pardoned him, but the provoke ing old gentleman insisted on opening the letter-bag with his own hands. To her repeated request he quietly but firmly re-fused to give her the key.

"What can it signify?" she argued.

"Hot much. But it is the rule."

"A very stepld one."
The diplomat bowed.

Why not oblige me?" Because I am answer

"Because I am answerable to the government at home. Since secrets......"
"Ridiculous," interrupted the indy sugrily.
"As if I were not acquainted with the miserable trifling you call diplomacy."
Nothing would do. Edsabeth Berrington found it impossible to shake him. So she wrote an angry letter to her brother. Not that she anticipated any danger; all Clara's former friends appeared to have forgotten her.

From a variety of circumstances Mr. Percy Marray had long suspected that the correspondence of Mrs. Berrington was systematically kept rack. Of course he had not the slightest idea of the motive, although he resolved if an opportunity occured to

he resolved if an opportunity occured to thwart it

"That abourd person again," exclaimed Elizabeth Berrington, as the groom of the chambers announced, "The British minis ter." "I shall be very glad when Edward returns to end his folly; it is really becoming insufferably like the frog in the fable. Everyone laughs at it."

"And yet it is very harmless," observed her sister-in-law. "With all his eccentric ity and self-impatience. Mr. Murray is a gentleman."

"Bay an idiot, rather."

The next minute the artful woman was shaking hands with the object of her contempt, to all outward appearance most cordially.

"Any letters, your excellency?"

A packet was placed in her hand.

Mrs. Berrington had so invariably met
the same reply, that she no longer inquired
if these representations of the same representations. if there were any for her.

'My brother will return in a week," said

"To undo my greatness," exclaimed the

visitor good humoredly.

The lady smiled. One piece in the letter had gratified her: Percy Murray, having served his full time as secretary of legation. was to be superceded, on a pension of course. The Hon. Edward Berrington had accomplished his revenge so far.

Having paid his usual compliments to Clars, their visitor descended to the chan-

cellery of the legation to transact the busi-ness of his effice, and E is beth Berrington an hour late left the hotel on her usual round of visits. No sooner had she taken her de-parture, than the wily diplomat returned to the drawing-room, where he found Clara

reading.
' Do I intrude?" he saked.

"Not in the slightest "I am an old man, Mrs. Berrington," he said, "and have seen much of the world. The lessons it teaches us, unfortunately, are not always the best."

The lady looked surprised.

"I am about to ask you rather a singular question. Pray do not be offended at my frankness, but answer me. Have you any

reason to suspect that all letters from. your friends in England are suppressed?"

Buch a suspicion had frequently struck her, but had been discarded as something too mean, too degrading, since only one person could have been guilty of such base -her husband.

"I see by your look that you have," added the speaker, watching her narrowly. "I found this letter for you in the bag and resolved to give it o you in private."
"Thanks! oh, the aks!" exclaimed Mrs.

Berrington, clasping it.

"If my surmises have been groundless, pardon me for the motive."

pardon me for the motive."

"I am most grateful."

"Do not read it yet," said the gentleman, perceiving that she was about to break the seal. "If an old man may presume to give you advice you will peruse it in your own room, the door locked against intruders and witnesses. It may be of importance," he added, "that you having received it remain a secret."

"You are very kind, year good. Yes.

Yes, yes, it will be best. Have you any ides—"
"Not the alightest," interrupted Parcy "How should I?" Murray.

"Pray pardon me, the question was me

Not quite so absurd as she imagined, it was just possible that in the hurry of business the wily diplomat had opened it, mistaking it for one of his own.

We do not smert this.
'The hint I have vantured to give you is by way of precaution.

Satisfied that he had accomplished some mischief, without exactly knowing what, the gentleman took his leave, and Clara tened to her own room to peruse the

It proved to be from her old friend Dr. Bray, reproaching her for her cruel silence, and entreating an answer to the numerous ties he had sent.

The lip of Mrs. Berrington curled scorn-fully at this proof of her husband's base-

your dear father's death. I cannot under-stand you; you must be sadly changed."
"Badly, indeed," murmured Clara, glan-cing at herself in the mirror, "but not the heartiess ungrateful being they have made me appear. What is this?"
Wall might the sale this to

me appear. What is this?"
Well might she sak herself the question when the concluding paragraph of the letter caught her eye.

I ran thus

"Your son Alwyn must be a sturdy little fellow by this time. I trest you do not spoil him by too much indulgence. Of course you will say no." It was fortunate that Mrs. Berrington had

followed Percy Murray's advice and secluded herself in her chamber against all intrusion. So great was the surprise, the shock, that for nearly an hour she remained insensible upon the floor, and the letter clutched in her hand.

"Have I been dreaming." she murmured faintly when reason alowly returned. " but never so vividiy. It is no dream. My boy! my boy! does he yet live? This is cruel, cruel; have they no pity, no remorse. God, what have I yet to learn!"

One thing was quite evident, no one at Wrsycourt had heard of her son's

The first impulse of the distracted mother was to seek her sister-in law and mother was to seek her miser-in law and demand an explanation, the next to fly to Eagland and ascertain the truth herself. Reflection, however, told her that the first would be useless. Elisabeth Berrington had no heart to move, and for flight the poor creature had not even the means. The miserable allowance her husband made her was expended in charity and she was her was expended in charity, and she was

too proud to remonstrate or ask for more.
"I must be patient," she thought. "Yes,
Murray was right, patient; but, oh, how
hard to dissimulate when the soul revolts at the shadow of untruth The motive,' she added. "must justify me."

The following morning the unhappy Clara made her appearance in the breakfast-room to all outward seeming as calm and apathetic as usual, and yet the greater part of the night had been passed in an agony of tears, or writing to her only friend a statement of the treachery by which her correspondence had been tampered with—in abort averything that had occurred in short, everything that had occurred since she quitted E sgland

The letter concluded with a heart-rending sppeal to ascertain the fate of her child.

In the course of the day she contrived to have a second interview with Percy Murray, to whom she confided her reply. "You will forward it to England," she

"Most securely, my dear Madame," re plied the diplomat. "I perceive t' at some-thing painful, very painful, bas occurred; my suspicions were not without reason.

"I knew your father," he continued. "and am a equainted with some portion of his history. He was an honorable man Pardon my curiosity, but I never heard the circumstances which led to your union with Mr. Barrington."

Clara related them, together with the wretched story of her wedded life; the misery she had endured; the horrible doubts wnich haunted her respecting the existence of her son.

This explains much that would other wise appear inexplicable in the conduct of your husband," observed the diplomat gravely. "Are you aware that the general impression in Schwineberg is that you are insene? It has been cleverly and carefully spread by those, I regret to add, who should have been the first to repel the imputation-indignantly repel it.

'Il you mistake Elward I fear, alm at hope—for nothing else can palliate his cruelty-has not his perfect reason."

"Are you serious?" "Quite.

"Dispel the illusion, dear Mrs. Berrington, once and for ever; a cooler brain does not exist than your husband's. He is no more mad than I am."

"Acaven forgive him, then." Percy Murray did not say Amen; possibly because he had made up his mind not to forgive him.

"Bye the bye," he added, "in looking ever the archieves of the legation a few days since, I discovered a document which, as it relates to a member of your family, may have some interest for you.

"To my family?" It is the certificate of the death of Bernard Bouchier, a youth afteen years of age, son of Humpary and Dame Elizabeth Bouchier of Wraycourt. I is rgot to mention it before. But what is this? you appear greatly agitated. I trust there is nothing to distress you in the discovery.'

"My poor, poor father!"
"You mistake. The certificate relates to a death that took place more than a century since, and cannot in any way relate to your

"Had it been discovered sooner, it would have made him a peer of England," "waid Mrs. Berrington sadly. "Baron Bastcott" if you did not care to answer the letter of an old fellow like myself," continued the writer, "I think you cught to have replied to that of Miss Gurtha Bouchier, written in so womanly a spirit on hearing of vindicate his memory."

"I remainter the electrostenses," said the gentleman. "The case came before the House of Lords, and excited great interest at the time. Strange that the only proof wasting to secure a peerage should have been lying exectiond in the archives of the legation to which your husband was appointed."

"Accident," said Mrs. Berrington ab-stractedly. She was thinking of her

"I am no believer in accidents," replied
Percy Murray "there must have been
rome design. The hand of Providence is in
it, and this discovery——"
"Oame too late."

"I am not so sure of that; with your per-mission I will retain it tilt you have reflect-ed on the subject,"

ed on the subject,"
"As you please."
Clara's letter to her old friend Dr. Bray reached its destination in safety, and great was the astonishment of the worthy man on receiving it. It explained much that appeared incomprehensible, but opened a still wider f.eld for eonjeture. He had retired from his profession, which he had never followed as a means of gain, having an ample fortune of his own. an ample fortune of his own.

an ample fortune of his own.

"I always thought there was something exceedingly odd about Edward Berrington," he muttered. 'He must be insense. Dead! The boy is more dead than I am, though what his father's motive can be for spreading the report would pussle an Œ tirus to tell. I have it," he exclaimed; "the settlement of estate. Poor Alwyn! the crotchet that ruined him is destined to exercise a teal influence on his descendants." fatal influence on his descendants."

On ordering his carriage, the excellent man started to pay a visit to his old friend and patient. Miss Gurtha Bouchier, who, although far advanced in years, retained unimpaired the keen intellect with which Provinence had blessed her.

"News," he said, on entering her break-fast room. "A letter at last from Mrs. Berrington."

"I must beg you not to mention that lady's name to me," replied his old friend, drawing herself up stiff!; "after the treatment I have received I take no further interest in hearing it."

"Impulsive as ever," exclaimed her visitor.

"Have I not reason?"

"You believe you have, and that to a lady is much the same thing. You and I have known each other too many years not to speak plainly to each other. At the risk of offending you I must read the extraordinary communication I have received."

"I will not listen to it"

"Excuse me, Miss Buchier, but you shall. A bold word, is it not, to a woman so resolute as yourself? but a very few words will explain it Clara never received your letters or mine." your letters or mine.

His hearer gave an incredulous smile

"These letters have been suppressed."
"Absurd! With what motive!"
"That you shall assist me to find out, if presible and expose. Miss Bouchier," he added, 'I am neither in my dotage, nor quite an idiot. I believe every word the poor girl has written; strange as they are, they bear the impress of truth. Now, will you listen to me, or go down to your grave with another act of injustice to load your memory with?

Thus solemnly adjured by an old friend, and one whom she respected, the aged apinster no longer refused to listen to the letter. As Dr. Bray proceeded, her attention became fixed, then deeply interested, and by the time he had concluded, her tears fell fast.

(TO BE CONTINUED )

HUMAN TREES. - The scientific manner in which the mative robbers in India prepare for their raids shows a thorough knowledge of the dangers of their calling, and the best guards against them. When their dusky bodies are least observable they remove their clothes, anoint themselves with oil, and with a single weapon, a keen-edged knife sus-pended from their neck, creep and steel like shadows noiselessly through the darkness. If detected, their greasy and slippery bedies emist them in eluding capture, while their ranor-bladed knife dexteriously severs the wrist of any detaining hand. But the most ingenious device to score carriers is that ingenious device to escape capture is that shown by the Bheel robbers. It often happens that a band of these robbers are pursued by mounted Englishmen, and unable to reach the jurgle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire, the only shelter in sight being the blackened trunks or leafless branches of small trees that perished in the flames. For men so skilled in posturing this is shelter enough. Quickly divesting themselves of their soanty clothing, they scatter it with their plunder in small piles, covering them with their round shields so that they have the appearance of lumps of earth and attract no attention. This accomplished, they match up a few sticks, shown by the Bheel robbers. It offer m hapcomplished, they match up a few sticks, throw their bedy into a conterted position, and stand or crouch immovable uvtil their unsuspicious enemies have galloped by. When all is safe they quickly pick up their spoil and proceed upon their way.

The beer-drinker often thinks of form.

STP L P.

Wingatiently, as she laid aside the book she had been reading, and in which she had been deeply interested, and took the cards which the servant reseasted. "Dear me, how provoking! Just as I am in the most exciting part of the story—and that pert, disagreeable Emily Archer, too," she added, reading one of the cards; "who else, I wonder?"

Was there magic in that simple bit of pasteboard, incribed with only two words, "R chard Warren!" It would almost seem to b. so, so instantaneous did her countered.

to b' so, so instantaneous did her counte

nance change.
As she entered the drawing-room, and

As she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her guests with a'l that grace and elegance of manner for which she was distinguished, Emily Archer surveyed her with rapid, critical glance; but dress, as well as manner, was faulties.

"It must be confessed that Kate Bennett enters a room like a queen," she thought, with a pang of envy and jealousy, as in Richard Warren's face she read undisguised admiration of the lovely girl standing be fore them

fore them

If Kate, with her classical features,
queenly dignity elegant figure, and exquisite taste, at first sight threw her rival in
tee shade, Emily's piquant style and sprightly conversation were by many preferred to

Kate's statuesque beauty.

It was impossible to decide which was the lovelier-each had her adherents and adlovelier—each had ner adnerents and admirers—but as they were equally numerous, it seemed probable that the season would draw to a close without the all-important decision of the question, which had been the bells.

Just at this time Richard Warren returned from Europe. The arrival of so un-deniably elegant and handsome a gentleman was an event; all the fashionable world was in a futter, and the rivals saw at once that the important epoch had arrived.

She whose claim he advocated, whom he favored with his admiration, would at once stand upon the precarious pinnacle of belleahip, though their tactics were entirely dif-

Emily brought to bear upon him the batteries of her sprightly wit, while Kate adroitly laid the mine of apparently queenly

As yet, though it was evident that Richard admired both, his preference was not known—perhaps he hardly knew himself which one he thought the most charming.

But during this exposition of the claims

of the rivals, a lively conversation had been going on. The last new novel and the opera had been discussed, as well as some of their mutual friends; and in the midst of some wickedly witty remarks of Emily upon a would be fashtonable lady, a loud voice was heard in the hall. It came nearer the door, and the words could be distinctly

"You no brained, impudent jackanapes.
I'll teach you manners; I'll make you laugh
on t'other side of your mouth."

The door was was flung open, and in wa ked a tall, athletic young man, whose really fine form was disguised in an ill-fit ting su't of evidently domestic manufacture, and stood for a moment awkwardly looking round him; then, hastily approaching Kate, he flung his arms around her, and gave her a loud smack on the cheek.

She withdrew hermals quickly and hearth.

She withdrew herself quickly and haugh-

"Bir !" said she, with freesing dignity.
"Bir !" said she, with freesing dignity.
"Law ! don't you know who I be !" exclaimed the new comer, in no wise disconcerted "Wall, now, I do actually believe that you've forgot me. Don't yer know yer cousin Ren? Ye see, I don't like farm'n' no how ye can fix it, so I quit that and come to the city. Jim Simpson was down to our place, and he's doing fust rate here. He the city, but I guess I ain't going to slump through where he gets ahead. I'll resk it, anyhow."

Catherine, at the commencement of this speech, had alternately flushed and paled, that Warren and Emily Archer should have been witnesses of such a scene. She caught a triumphant glance from Emily. It re-stored her pride.

With all the grace of which she was a

mistrees, she turn of to the new-comer:
"You must excuse me, Cousin Ben," she said; "I had forgotten you. A lew years make a change, and I can hardly retrace in your countenence a feature that reminds me of the lad who went nuiting with me in the dear old woods of Hampton. Allow me, Miss Archer," turning to her, "to introduce to you my cousin, Mr. Adams—Mr. Warren, Mr. Adams," and with a perfect composure she saw his awkward bow and SCIADS.

Mr. Warren, like a gentleman, as he was, as dressed some remarks to Mr. Adams, on subjects with which he was familiar, and shortly after he, with Miss Archer, took

Ne somer had they done so than she be-gan, with all her powers of sarcasm, as

had winamed.

Mr. Warren's smile seemed but absent.

'I had no idea that the Bennet's had seek vulgar relations," continued Emily, knowing well that the fastidious Richard Warren would consider this a serious objection to the woman of his choice. "Notwithstanding all Kate Bennett's elegance, there is a certain something in the family that betrays low blood."

'Yes," returned Warren, hardly knowing what he said, and feeling that she had gained one point, Emily walked on in the best possible spirits, internally triumphing over the discomfiture of her rival.

That evening, at the opera, who should be at Katie's side but cousin Ben; dressed in taste, and evidently much interested in the performance. At the parties, too, he was her attendant, and this open acknowledgment of her relations quite blunted the point of Emily's satires. Mr. Bennett assisted the youth to a situation, and very soon his restrictive were of He had both soon his rusticity wore off. He had both good looks and good sense. Under his cousin's judicious training he very soon did her no ciscredit.

Emily Archer saw all and bit her lips in vexation. She could not but acknowledge the superiority of Kate's strategy, and she had triumphed in the event which she hoped would humiliate her.

From that time Richard Warren was her

constant attendant and ere long he had only acknowledged his preference by offer-

only acknowledged his preference by offering his heart and hand.

"Kate," he said, shortly after her betrothal, "I shall never cease to thank Cou sin Ben for giving me my bride. I admired you as a belle, but his coming and your reception of him proved that you was something better than a fine lady—that you were a true woman, blest with the greatest of all attractions, a heart. Confess that you owe him a debt of gratitude. him a debt of gratitude.

Many years have passed. In the sober matron, Mrs. Warren, one would hardly recognized the dashing belle Kate Bennett.

Bles with wealth, a cheerful home a fond husband and loving children, she had lived a happy life, and time had but increased the attachment of the wedded pair.

But cloudless as her life had been, a storm creased the attachment of the wedded pair. But cloudless as her life had been, a storm was gathering. Her husband, always cheerful, grew moody, restless and unhappy. Bhe tried in vain to discover the cause of his gloom, but he only made evasive replies to her inquiries, and could only guess at his troubles; that they were connected with his business she imagined. Her

surmises were correct

He entered the room one day where she
was sitting, and exclaimed, flinging himself
on the sola—

'Kate, we are ruined. In vain I have struggled for weeks past; it is useless to at tempt it longer. To-day I shall be known as a bankrupt—penniless, and worse than penniless. Is trying to double my fortune I have lost it all. You and my children

with soothing words the wife tried to console him; but also, he paid little heed to

Just then a servant entered saying that gentleman wished to see Mr. Warren. "Tell him that I cannot," replied his

"But you will," replied a cheerful voice, and a gentleman closely followed the servant as he \*ntered.

"How is this, my dear Dick?" he said; "you are in trouble, and did not apply to me; that was not right. I had heard rumors of this. Dick, and went to your office to see you; as you were not there, I followed you here. You have two hours yet before bank hours are ver. Here is a blank check; all it up yourself, and it shall be duly honored. Repay at your convenience. No thanks; it is only a loan. I know your business well, and that in a little time, with perhaps a little assistance, all will be right

Totally overcome, Richard could only with an unwonted moisture.

"How can we ever thank you, dearest cousin Ben? cried Kate. "How can we

ever repay you?"
'Tut, tut, Kate; I am only discharging a part of a debt I owe you, my dear girl. I owe all I possess—all I am—to you When I first came here, a raw, ignorant, awkward country booby, you were not ashamed of me. You took me cordially by the hand, influenced your father to assist me, and influenced your father to assist me, and more than all, by unvarying kindness offer-ing me a home and innocent amusements ing me a home and innocent amusements in your society, kept me out of many temp tations that breet a lonely, inexperienced lad, such as without you I should have been. Good-bye," he now added, as Warren disappeared, kissing the tears from Kate's cheek, "and be assured that Ben Adams, the millionaire, has never forgot ten, and will try and repay your kindness to your poor and awkwa d cousin."

"I am richly repaid," she muttered. "How little I dreamed, long ago, that twice in my life I should owe my bighest thappiness to the triffing acts of kindness toward mp good cousin."

A selfish man—The fish dealer.

FROM HARDAGUE.—This complaint is the result of eating too much and conscienting too fittle. Nine cases out of ten the cases of the fact that the class out of ten the cases of the fact that the class control was not able to digest the tood last introduced into fi, either from its having been wearthable, or agreement in the originative in quantity. A diet of bread and better, with ripe fruit or berries, with modernte and continuous exercises in the open air anticonst to heep up a gentle personnation, would care all most every case in a chort time. Two tensors overy case in a chort time. Two tensors was an anticonstant, and drunk, often gives raise.

THE RYMAY NOTICE—In the initial stage of a fire, before any lating has get heated beyond the burning material, a spray notale is the most effective in subduing the fiames. The water is easily distributed and everytropically utilized whereas with the jet notate a great quantity is inevitably wasted. When some it is exceedingly unfortunate, as for the first lew minutes there is apt to be a searcity, when every drop is of almost inestinable value, and most precious moments are comparatively lost, during which the fire is strenthening its hold.

NUMERITHE LIGHTWOURDS.—An old idea recently revived is to at every lighthouse have its own number, continually repeated, either by light or sound, as long as necessary. Thus, if the lighthouse was numbered 75, there would be during foggy weather seven blacks at short intervals, then a pause; then three blasts, and a longer pause; after which the same would be repeated as long as the fog lasted. The number of the lighthouse could be given in 30 seconds. As the lighthouse could be given in 30 seconds. As the lighthouse on either side would be arranged with numbers not having the same digits, (say, for example, 35 and 48,) the counting of one digit would in most cases indicate the lighthouse, and the counting of the second would affords check and give positive assurance of the correctness of the observation if it was found to taily with the number given on the chart. Its value to mariners is readily seen. NUMBERING LIGHTBOUSES.—An old idea

Bow Forews are Made—The rough, large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole small r than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one movement cuts it a proper length, and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled," and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper length and the nick put in at the proper time. After "rattling" again in sawdust, the thread is out by another machine, and after another rattling and thoroughly drying, the screws are assorted by head, grossed by weight, and packed for shipping. That which renders it possible for machines to do all this is a little teing that looks like and opens and shuts like a goose's bill, which picks up a single screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else, and returns for another. It does its work at the rate of Si screws a minute.

Fireworks.—Red fire, which is most How SCREWS ARE MADE -The rough

for another. It does its work at the rate of Si screws a minute.

Fireworks —Red fire, which is most largely used in them, has for its body nitrate of strontia, and this is mixed with chlorate of potash, sulphur, sulphuret of antimony and powdered charcosl,—or, in place of the last three articles shelise is often employed. Strontia is usually imported in a crude state, and ground by the wholesale druggists. It waves in value according to demand from 10 to 75 cents per pound. For green fire, the ingredients are nitrate of baryta, sulphur, the ingredients are nitrate of baryta, sulphur, the ingredients are nitrate of baryta, sulphur, and ammonisted copper; but, owing to its cost, is little used. Homan candles are manufactured of meal powder, saltpetre, sulphur and giase dust. Each candle is made in layers, each layer of powder serving to shoot out of the paper tube the brilliant ball. The composition for rockets is made of saltpetre, sulphur and charcosl, and the Chinese fire for rockets by adding to this iren or steel filings, "Golden rain" is made by adding brass filings, sawdust and powdered glass. These are the bases of all fireworks.

## Turm und Gurden

STURTED LAMBS —A neglected, poorly-fed, stunted lamb never recevers, however well-fed afterward, so as to make as good and as larve asheep as it would, had it had proper care early. Feed the ewes so that they can supply the lambs with plenty of milk.

CARBOLIC ACID FOR WHIDE —An ex-change says: We have found upon trial that-crude carbolic acid in the measure of two table spoontels to a half-pallof water will kill weeds in garden walks. Apply with a watering-pot. It must not come in contact with grass or flower borders. Weeds in lawns maybe killed by a drop or two of undiluted carbolic or strong sulphuric acid poured into the crown of the

COMBUCT OF PLANTS -The varying be CORDUCT OF FLAMES—The varying behaviors of plants are interesting subjects of scientific study. The common water-cross has made its way ever many parts of the world. In our country it dies down to the earth every year, making an entirely new growth, with newers, every year. In Australia it continues to grow, making a stem often as thick as one's wrist. In some parts of the West Indian Islands it has never been known to flower at

CURE FOR THRUSH -Keep the horse on a CURE FOR TERUSE — Keep the horse on a dry floor. Remove all detected and decayed parts of the frog, but with care not to injure sound parts or draw blood. By means of a blunt-pointed, small, flat stick of wood, clear out all matter and dirt from the eleft, and by the same means insert, once a day, a pertion of powdered sulphate of size, or powdered sugar of lead, or calemel, and cover the same with a wad of oakum or tow dipped in tar. It is best to keep the horse sheet, especially if he is lame.

PRESERVING POSTS .- Wood that is ex PRESERVING POSTS.—Wood that is exposed to the action of water or let into the ground should first be charred and then, before it has entirally cooled, be treated with tar until the wood has been incroughly impregnated. The acetic acid and oils contained in tar are evaporated by the beat and resin left behind, which penetrates the porce of the wood and forms an ai-tight and water-proof exvelope. It is impertant to impregnate the posts a little above the line of exposure, for here it is that the action of decay affects the wood first and where the break always occurs when removed from the earth or strained in testing.

Card collectors please buy seven bars pobbins' Electric Soap of exy grocer and write Cragin & Oo., Fhilad's, Fn., for seven cards gratic, six colors, and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, S'etz.

## Pom Publications.

all the runt, is of more than endingly merical anovel. The interest begins with the first paragraph, and it maintained with inversely ardof unio the close. The 'netrustees of the plot, fit development, the statething of endingles and of the statething of endingles and the statething of the sta

Worse interesting in every respect to the average reader are no longer rare. Every day adds to the number, and chinges the bounds of the reader's choice. It now happens that no matter where he choose he will find his choice soldom other than established A. A new work, that must take a good place it this choice, is "Queen's's Whim." These who like excellent inaguage, dialogue, o. description, equally with those who take most pleasure in the charms of interesting plot and good character-drawing, will find this attractive. We can recommend it as a story that cannot fall to please. Published by Lippincott & Oc. Stiff paper backs. Frice, 75 cents.

MAGASTERS.

Amons the contents of Lippincott's Magnesine for March are: "Six Months in a Country-House in Enssia," by Alain Gore, which gives an experience such as very few American Travelors have ever had the good fortune to enjey. The article on "The Diamond Mines of South Africa," by H B Biggar, brings down the history of these remerkable dispoveries to a resent date, and hightens the subject with the aid of five illustrations. "Moose-Hunting," by "Canuel," also illustrated, is a vivacious account of the sport as practised in Nova Sactia. "My China Bops," by Fanny Fanny S evenson, is not only very annesing, but presents some types of Culness character not familiar to mere essual electrocies. Thebe D Kutt gives an account of "The Paris Art Schools," which mu! Interest many readers. Dr Charles W. Builes discusses the "Physical Uses of Pain," and Charles Burt Todd describes "The American Hewgate," an underground prison in Connecticut, once famens, but new known only to the local antiquary. "Lilith." the short and somewhat malo-dramatic serial which has attracted so much attention, is concluded in this number. There are two spirited short stories—"The Kid," and "A Law of Nature"—and a capita, sequel to the Shakspearian buriseque, "Fince aux Dames," which was published in Lippincett's some years ago another short serial, with the quaint title of "Graque-o'-Deom," will be commenced in the April number. The departments are of the usual interest and value. Liwpincott & Co., publishers, Philads. Price, 25 cents a number.

Among the contents of the current number of the Journal of Medical Science are articles.

est and value. Limpincott & Co., publishers, Philada. Price, Scents a number.

Among the contents of the current number of the Journal of Medical Science are articles on "Antero-Lateral Sciences," by Andrew Fleming, of Fittsburg; "Comarcan Section, with Eemoval of Uterns and Ovaries after the Porro Muller Method." by Elitott Etchardson, of Philada; "Gestric Bemittent Fever of Iniants and Young Persons," by F. Peyre Porcher of S. C; "Amaurosis trom Letton of the Eysbrow or Orbital Eerion, by J. Santos Fernandes, of Havans; "The Causec and Trea'ment of Metrerrhagia," by Endolph Sansky; "On 'be Action of Carbolic Addupon Clifated Cells and White Blood Cells," by T. Mitshell Pruden; "Extentre Sealding from Prolonges Ex-coure to Steam at High Temperature," by Norman H. Shayman; "Accidental and Sudden D slocation of the Liver, with Eccovery," by Alex T. P. Garnett, et Washington; "The Value of Homatropine Hydro-bromate in Opthalmic Practice," by S. S. Elsley, of Phila; "Perityphilits in Children, Illustrating Points in the Diffrent Disgnosis of Wip Disease," by V. P. Gibney, of New York; "On a Magnetic Probe for the Detection of Iron Missiles Lodged in the Tissues," by J. H. Elil, W. S. A.; "The Antiseptic Catgut Ligature," by Lewis A. Stinson, of New York; and others. This is equal in merit to "ny publication of the kind in the world. Henry C. Lee, publisher. Philade.

Appleton's Journal, which is among the best of magnines, for Mare', offers the fol-

lication of the kind in the world. Henry C.
Lea, publisher. Fhilada.

Appleton's Journal, which is among the best of magasines, for Mare', ofers the following select list of centents: "Serich Orthodexy and Modern Thought," "Adventures in Patagonia." "The Veterans of Yesterday," "Suwarrow" "The Ortierion of Peetry," by Feter Bayne; "On Some of Shakspeare's Female Characters," (1.) Ophelia, by Halma Faucit Martin; "Tennyson's New Drama," "George Eiot;" "Oriando's Revenge," by Barnet Phillips: "Some Recent Mevels: "Washington Square—The Trumpet Major—Dr. Wortle's School—A Dreamer—S'nder Sileve-Ban—The Bebel of the Family—Mary Marston—My Marriage—He that Will Not When He May—Love and Life—The Hour Will Come—The Head of Meduss; "Geist's Grave," a poem, by Matthew Armeld. Editor's Table: Shakspeare and Bacon—Eave Women Initations!—The External and Internal in Art. Notes for Readers. Single number, 25 cents Tearly subscription, 26 cents of articles for Leaders. Single number, Scients Tearly subscription, 26 cents as called for an art in.

Street, New York.

The Edinburgh Review for January contains a cries of articles full of value and interest to the general reader. Its matter is always of the best, and shows the meet advanced thought of the day. Among those persof particular inter at the which we may refer are: "Mameirs of Frince Methermich," "The Mavies of the Work," "Jacob Ven Arbeveld, the Brewer of Chemt," "Eadymien." "Dr. Caird on the Philocophy of Religion," "Laveleye's Inity as It is," "Army Reform." "Enver's Dictionary of Music," "Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimes," "England and Ireland." etc., etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. Received from Wm. B. Sleber.

from Wm. B. Sieber.

Potter's American Monthly for February is finely illustrated, and presents an astructive list of contents. This includes "An Excursion to the Rocky Meuntains," "A Eural Home," "Tent.) son's Poems," "At Reedlework," "Launehing a Ship," "In Winter Time," "Fostatisebleau," "The House that Jack Built," "A Fictitieus Letter," "A Colden Legend," "Bear and Share," "Anitted Work," "The Snow bird," and many others. These embrace miscellaneous articles, poems, short stories, etc., and the different departments will also be bound to centain much that will piease and improve. J. E. Potter & C., publishers.

The heart ought to give charity when the

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTIETH YEAR.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom St., Philada

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1801.

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"LADY MARGERS"—Chapter XXX d, and Chapters XXXVII and XXXVIII.

SECON STORIES.
LABIN' DEPARTMENT—Hotes, Queries, and

reside Chat. BHU-A-BRAG. SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL S BAIM OF GOLD BRITORIALE. BAROTUM CHAY Abswers to inquirers.

### ALL IN A MOMPHT

It is the moment, more than anything else in human affairs, that decides the destinies of men. A moment comes in every young man's life when his existence, present and future, will be permanently colored by his determination. That is not so bold a statement as the truth would bear, but it will answer our purpose. And no man shall say that time is not just, for it will present to every civilized being an opportunity to make a right determination, and when this is strictly adhered to it will bring a certain degree of success, probably fortune, and perhaps even fame.

One may not be conscious that for the moment he holds the precious key to wealth and a living name. And therein lies one secret cause of losing priceless time, of letting that opportunity slip from us that cannot be recalled for life. In this also we find the important warning to use every moment as though it were the moment that should decide our fates, as though it contained the key of such great value. Human vision can never perceive when that potent period shall arrive, and this is proof enough to the wise that each frail duration of sixty seconds is to be employed as carefully as if in it they read the smiles of destiny. The one who becomes

successful by his own efforts is found to be a miser of time, though he may not be of dollars. Indeed, if he be the truly self-dependent and successful man, money has little value when compared to time. To him the moment of "luck" is never lost. No one can safely say, "I will be on my guard for the critical minute, but I will not slave myself to death before it comes." Such men never detect the decisive period, and they would not be worthy of it if they did. A man who is not willing to slave is not worthy to be called master. A success that is not the next dearest thing to life is not worth having. It would have little attraction when won. It is slaving -risking one's self for a purpose, for a thing, that we make it dear and ourselves worthy of it at one and the same time. And one who has not courage and perseverance in the application of his determination, taken in a prophetic moment, will no more be the favorite of fortune than as if the fortunate moment had never been his.

As we turn back the pages of history, we find it often repeated that heads never intended by man to wear the crown have risen up and successfully claimed it, while those to whom it was a right ordained, according to all the laws of man, to sit, sceptre in hand, dictating from a throne, have as the minute hand told, once met a silent doom, with none to raise a blade in their behalf. Dynasties have tottered to their foundations because of the heedless resolution of a moment, and a moment's determination has freed nations from the tyrant's yoke. It is sustained by abundant facts that the greatest event of history, the vital incidents of the world's progress, have often, after long turmoil, resulted in the end in the word, the deed, the determination, of this fine point of time.

### TAHO MUTOMAS

CHARLES SUMMERS had to teach the English to appreciate Carlyle. His opinion made him popular.

THE celebrated lawyer, Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When some one said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of an accident, he exclaimed: "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad!"

SKATING is such a passion in London, and, except in severe winters like the present, such a rare thing, that one of the leading railway companies has organized excursions to Holland for the mere purpose of a day on the ice. One can leave London at night, sleep going across the sea, skate all the next day on the Dutch canals, return on the same night and be ready for work again the next afternoon. The fare for the round trip is less than \$4.

In Great Britian barristers are said to enjoy the longest lives. Next to them come clergymen of the Church of England, other ministers, grocers, gamekeepers, farmers, civil engineers, booksellers, publishers, silkmakers, laborers, carpenters, bankers, male domestics, sawyers, braziers, paper makers, makers of musical instruments, gunsmiths, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tanners and bakers. The greatest mortality prevails among machine makers and wool workers.

THE Americans may be said to have become a nation of cigarette smokers. Time was, not a very great number of years ago, when the consumption of

'paper cigars" was in the United States confined almost entirely to the foreign-born portion of our population. Today more natives than foreigners smoke them. The enormous growth of the inindustry is readily shown by a comparison of figures. For example, in the fiscal year 1870, tax was paid in the United States on 13,771,417 eigarettes, and in the fiscal year 1880 on 408,907,365an increase in ten years of 394,826,847 cigarettes.

THE work of restoring Palestine to the possession of the Jews drags along so slowly that the receipt of \$200 to help a Jewish colony his cronicled as an important item in the history of the movement. This sum has been raised by some Jews in this country, who have formed a society for the purpose of raising money in considerable amounts. It has been conclusively shown by eminent persons who are well informed as to the Holy Land and as to the Jews, that there is no enthusiasm for repossessing the land, nor any concerted plan of

Now is the time to use disinfectants in the house. Street drainage is filling the sewers to such an extent that foul air and gas are being forced back into houses. Worse still, the drainage pipes of nearly every house are very foul. The only way of preventing the natural effects of this very unpleasant visitor is to make free use of disinfectants, and as these may be purchased at small cost from any druggist the work cannot proceed too rapidly and widely. A pound of copperas dissolved in a gallon or two of warm water and poured into a basin or sink will cost very little, yet abate some unpleasant odors that escape from pipes. Other disinfectants, most of them good, may be obtained of almost any apothecary, and they are so cheap and so easily applied that no one need suffer by the principal indoor nuisance of the season.

THE course of even the love of Princes, when it is a true love, does not run smooth any more than that of ordinary mortals. A German Duke was in love with one of the numberless princesses of his country, and the young pair were already engaged, when serious difficulties arose as to the difference in their religious persuasion. The girl's father, a Catholic, insisted upon a provision being made that the children resulting from the marriage should be baptized and brought up as Roman Catholics, a demand to which the equally strict Protestant on the other side cannot accede. She, despairing of a satisfactory termination of the dilemma, has declared her determination to take the veil, and is shortly to enter as probationer in one of the convents at Prague. Thus religious differences destroy the happiness of two fond hearts.

In very cold weather most people have sense enough to build good fires and wear their thickest clothing; few, however, seem to know that physical warmth is created in the body itself, and all that fires or clothing can do is to prevent the warmth being seized too rapidly by the surrounding air. The best preparation for a comfortable day in cold weather is to eat a generous breakfast, in which there shall be plenty of meat. There is far more warmth in an ounce of cold meat than in a pint of hot coffee, although the latter is to thousands of people the principle feature of the morning meal. A good appetite is necessary to a full breakfast, and it generally can be had by a five minutes walk out of doors or a few minutes of light exercise in a freshly aired room-exercise such as the not reflect glory on him.

most delicate woman or child can indulge in without injury. A glass of ardent liquor is a wretched preventive of cold. It will quicken the circulation for a few moments and diminish it for an hour after. The bulk in bread of a glass of beer is more warming than the liquor and only costs a quarter as much; the same comparison may be made between spirits and meat. It is almost impossible for a person who sits indoors all day to remain warm, but a few minutes out of doors, just long enough to have the system ted enough by the cold to rouse its powers of resistance, will insure a comfortable day thereafter if the house is fairly tight.

THE dress cap for regimental officers and enlisted men in our army is to give way to spiked helmets, not unlike, in general shape, those which Germany has made famous. Field officers and all officers of mounted troops and of the Signal Corps are to wear instead of the spike a plume of buffalo hair, white for infantry, yellow for cavalry, and red for artillery. The ornaments on the helmets of the enlisted men will indicate their arm of the service or their occupation; for example, infantry, crossed rifles; artillery, crossed cannon; ordnance, a shell and flame; engineers, a castle; commissary sergeants, a crescent of white metal, and so on. In summer officers may wear a light cork helmet, with a ventilator instead of a spike. So military fashions change from age to age. Presently this new, or rather ancient, fashion of helmets will give way to something else.

NUMBERLESS theories have been advanced by students in natural history why the prairies-the feeding grounds of the buffalo should be without arborescent vegetation, the principal one which is supported by distinguished authors being that of climatic influences. A new theory is that the absence of trees is due to artificial causes altogether. Taught by their necessities the early Indians made it a practice to annually fire the high grass of the prairies, which has the effect of making the growth more luxuriant and consequently more inviting to the vast herds of buffalo, on which the aborigines depended greatly for their sustenance. It has been conclusively settled that no vegetation, save the hardy prairie grass, will appear on ground over which fire has swept until another season, so that the yearly prairie fires extended the area of the plateau until they have become almost measure-

THE Salvation Army has suffered from the secession of several of its trusted officers. They say that the Commissioner worked them nearly to death and made them go out in all sorts of weather with inadequate clothing, insufficient food, and exceedingly meagre pay. The people of this country have never taken hold of the work of the Salvation Army with sufficient enthusiasm to provide for the payments of its bills. The Army has been driven to get its rations in the best way it could, and sometimes these rations have been both few and short. It has been obliged to draw its subsistence from the cheapest boarding houses, and to suffer from great scantiness. The officers and others who now leave the Commissioner formerly gave him the homage which they would to a being whom they considered their superior, but they now regard him as a very common sort of man, and threaten to show him up in ways which will

THE PIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

BY DIMAN MULOCH CRAIR.

All shimmering in the morning shine
And diamonded with dew,
and quivering in the seasted wind
That thrills its green heart through;
The little field, the smiling field,
with all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field,
The day before the mowing!

Outspread 'neath the departing light,
Twilight still void of stars.
Save where, low westering, Venus hides
From the red eye of Mars;
How quiet lies the stient field,
with all its beauties glowing,
Just's irring, like a child asleep,
The night before the mowing!

Sharp steel, inevitable hand.
Cut keen out kind! Our field
We know ful! well must be laid low
Before its wealth it yield;
Labor, and mirth, and plenty bleet
Its blamel: as death bestowing;
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing!

## LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," BTC., BTC.

CHAPTER XXXVI .- (CONTINUED.)

R. PLEYDELL pronounced that there was no will. Dr. Sullivan bore testimony, on being required, as to the unrestricted, and unguided, and spontaneous action of the earl in the destruction of the will that had been prepared for his signature.

These statements made, the natural and inevitable results followed, that Lady Margerie Lisle was, to all intents and purposes, the Countess of St. Clair. heiress-at-law of all the estates, entailed and free, that belonged to the title, while the widow of the late earl took from the property the third of all personalty, in addition to the settlements made on her at her marriage with the earl; and of course all proper and natural congratulations on the occasion followed from all, save the stern countess, now the Dowager Countess of St. Clair. She remained silent and cold, till the buzz of comment had ceased; then she rose, sternly and

"Lady Margerie Lisle, titular Countess of St. Clair, I add my congratulations to those you have already received, with the proviso they have a double meaning," she said. "You have succeeded, Lady Margerie, in all your plans and projects, for a time; but the sword of Damocles is hanging over your head. Take good heed that you have not a mine sprung under your feet. The footsteps of the avenger are even now pursuing you. From this day we are strangers. You and the daughter, for whom I will, in charity, hope you have sinned, will enjoy alone, and without the tacit reproach of my presence, the illgotten wealth and station that are yours at last; and I counsel you to make the most of your day while it lasts, for the dark and gloomy night is at hand."

Then, with a stately bow to the as-tonished circle, and a cold and slight notice of Lady Margerie and Isabel, as they involuntarily rose as she passed them, she left the room.

Ere nightfall, the Countess Helena of St. Clair had left the home that had so long been hers, and Margerie, Countess of St. Clair, and Lady Isabel, ruled in her stead.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

ARGERIE, Countess of St. Clair, occupied the Castle of her fathers. Lady Isabel Lisle was now the heiress of vast wealth, of an ancient title. Persons talked indeed in under tones of the strange events that had occurred since the projected marriage of the deceased Blanche.

Rosalie Norman was now instaled as maid and companion to the new heiress of St. Clair, as she had been to her fair and youthful predecessor. She was growing pale and thin, and the servants began to complain that their sleep was disturbed at times by the strange noises that came from the maid's apartment

"I cannot stand it, Mrs. Standish," said the factotum and aide-de-camp of the housekeeper, who in a modern house- heard.

hold would be called, we presume, "still-room maid." "Why, I can hear her in my room quite plain, starting and crying out in her sleep, and walking up and down, and I'm quite confident she walks sometimes, for I heard a noise like soft footsteps at my door the other night, and I took courage, and lighted a candle, and went to see; and there, as I opened my door, what should I see but just a something white disappearing in Rosalie's door. And I am pretty sure it was her, in her night dress, and that she had been walking.

"My good Sarah," said the housekeeper, who had listened with a mingled air of distrust and belief, "I am free to confess that there are some strange things going on at the Castle just now; but then you are a sensible girl, I know well, as people say; and one must see all and hold one's tongue. And the place is a good one, Sarah, or has been, in times past. I have got a bit of money put by; and though the poor dear earl was taken off so sudden, without a will, my late lady told me, quite in confidence, you know, that I should not be a loser by it. And then, Sarah, another thing, which I would not confide to any of the giddy young things, or even the older servants, who have only been here four or five years, you see, but which I don't mind telling you, my own cousin's child,-you can keep a secret, Sarah, can you not?"

"As well as any one, Mrs. Standish, old or young," said the staid looking damsel, whose twenty-five years might well have been thirty-five to judge from her look and manner.

"Well, then, listen," said Mrs. Standish, and she looked carefully round, went to the door, opened it, and then carefully closing all means by which even a sound could find escape, she went on. "Well then, Sarah, I don't mind, as I said, telling you, my own blood relation, what the countess said to me the day before the funeral."

Sarah drew her chair nearer, and bent her head down, lest she might lose a word of the promised confidence.

"Well then, the countess says, says she, 'Standish, I know very well that there are great changes, and you may not feel inclined to stay after your old lord is dead, and I am going. But, Standish, you are an old and tried servant of the house of St. Clair, and I beg of you, Standish, to remain, under any circumstances, for one twelvemonth from this time. Watch over the household, Standish, in your department, as Barnett will in his; and at the end of that time, if nothing especially happens, I will make final arrangements, and you and all whom the earl intended should benefit by his will, shall, not suf-

Lady St. Clair, or as perhaps it may be perhaps more convenient to call her still, Lady Margerie, felt, on the very night of the day when the above-mentioned conversation took place, a feverish restlessness that precluded all possibility of sleep. She tossed from side to side in her luxurious bed with a wakeful uneasiness of mind, and fever of body. that the humblest of her tenants rarely felt, and inaction at last became intolerable. She rose, lighted her lamp from the wax taper that always burnt in her apartment, and threw on a dressinggown. Then she drew a shawl over her dressing-wrapper, for the Winter, or, rather early Spring night, was cold, and prepared to leave her room.

The apartments Lady Margerie inhabited were those that had belonged to the late Countess of St. Clair, and were almost immediately adjoining the suite occupied by the deceased earl, the door between the suites being firmly and strictly locked night and day. But on this night some feverish impatience to solve a doubtful idea that had darted across her busy brain in the silence of the hour seized her. She took the key from her secretaire, and, with a pale cheek, proceeded to open the door. As she did so, a sound came on the stillness. She stopped and listened. It was a slight rustling, a faint sort of shuffling noise, that was better felt than

We have said that Lady Margerie was no coward, and she certainly well proved it now. After the first involuntary shudder she advanced with a halfscornful smile at her own foolish weakness. Her step was even firmer, and her mien prouder than usual as she went on, her lamp in hand, casting an invol-untary glance around, as its light fell dimly into the corners of that vast apartment. For some moments nothing was visible, and after a pause she proceeded to the opposite door, which led into the dressing-room of the deceased earl. But just as she passed, with a kind of shudder, the large dark curtained bed where she had seen the form of her late brother, and where his last breath had been drawn, a slight, tall white figure rose suddenly before her. It was not in human, certainly not in woman's, nature not to scream; but, in Lady Margerie's case, the scream was as subdued as it was possible for a scream to be. The features grew rigid and fixed, the face was ash white, as she gazed on the ghost-like form, whose features were for the time shrouded in the darkness, and the veil of dark hair that hung round her. It was a woman then. So much a hurried glance determined. Only a woman could possess that wealth of long hair. Could it be Isabel? Impossible! The girl avoided the room even in the full glare of day with a superstitious terror, and to bring her in the nightfall would have needed the force of strong ropes. A second glance, more keen and assured, now that all superstitious fancies or real physical terrors were past, showed her the pale but still lovely face of Rosalie Norman.

"Rosalie!" she cried.

The girl shivered. "My lady," came from her shaking lips.

"What brings you here?-how dare you?"

But ere the words had well crossed the lady's lips the girl had sunk lifeless on the ground.

It was a perplexing position, certainly. A fainting girl, in the dead of night, in a room where neither lady nor maid would be supposed to be at that hour!-and where, to summon assistance, would be to open the most strange reports.

It was a fearful moment. Even the hardened countess could scarcely look on the pale young creature before her, so entirely the image of death. Without a thrill of terror, which was indeed foreign to her strong nature. Did a memory more fearful still come over that lady's mind? It might be so; for the hands that were applying the restoratives trembled, and the frame shuddered strongly, as she had recourse at length to the small spirit-flask that she had reserved to the last emergency.

The stimulant, or perhaps the succession of stimulants, had its effect. The girl gave a gasping sob, the eyes slightly opened, and the white face assumed a more life-like hue, while the hand Lady Margerie held in hers grew warmer, and more human to the touch.

"Rosalie," she said, "are you bet-

A startled gaze,-but no reply. The res had a lustreless horror in them, and the whole features so scared a look, that the lady saw it was needful to soothe, rather than command, the shaken frame.

"My poor child, my dear Rose, what has ailed you, what terrified you so sadly? Tell your lady, your friend, Rosalie-Lady Margerie; don't you know me?"

It was a wonderful presence of mind that prompted the lady to drop a title of which she was usually very jealous.

Rosalie opened her eyes, but the glance round that gloomy apartment, seemed again to scare away the return-ing senses, for she closed them once more with a shiver.

"Rosalie, this is wrong, foolish,-you must rouse yourself. I insist on you accompanying me to my room, and there you shall lie down as long as you like, and have light and warmth. Do you hear, Rose? Must I speak twice to be obeyed by Rosalie Norman?"

The tone of half-pained, half-gentle, yet authoritative command, at length

had its effect,—the girl slowly raised herself, and looked piteously on the countess.

"Was it you-only you?" she murmured.

"Certainly; but now come with me, I will not hear or speak another word till we are in another room."

The girl looked fearfully round—an anxious, lingering glance, that the lady could not interpret.

What it meant, what it desired was unintelligible. The lady threw the rays of her lamp round the room, and even on the floor, in vain; nothing could be seen that would explain the girl's agitation, and with a half-impatient gesture she forced her trembling, pale charge toward the door.

It needed all the lady's strength to support that shaking frame, more especially when her own bravery and firmness were only borrowed from necessity. But as the door closed behind them on that gloomy death-chamber, both the lady and the youthful sufferer appeared to gain courage, and Rosalie gradually leaned less heavily on the arm that supported her, and her feet were firmer as they dragged along the floor.

At last the apartment of Lady Margerie was gained. She had herself kindled the fire already laid in the grate, and with rare condescension she placed the girl in the large chair near the fire, and wrapped a woolen shawl over her shaking form.

"Now drink this, Rosalie; keep still for a quarter of an hour to collect yourself, and then be prepared to answer me truly and candidly."

The girl looked piteously in the stern face. Lady Margerie understood it.

"Be content," she said, "you have nothing to fear if you are candid. I will forgive all but falsehood and treach-

Ah, Lady Margerie, did no pang dart through your heart as you pronounced these words?

The time passed on. The regular beating of the gold time-piece on Lady Margerie's mantelpiece was hardly louder than that of Rosalie Norman's heart, but it came more regular and less tumultuous as the physical frame gathered warmth and strength. At last Lady Margerie sat down opposite to the pale form.

"You are better now, Rosalie?" she asked.

"Quite, my lady."

"And able to remember and think?" she asked. "Yes, my lady."

"Then answer me quickly and without evasion. What was it took you to that room at this hour?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Rosalie," she continued, "will you force me to take a different tone? I have been forbearing and kind beyond what you could expect; but I must be answered clearly, and without more trou-ble and delay. What could bring you from your bed to that apartment at such an hour ?"

Rosalie's eyes glittered. She seemed to gather courage from the harshness of the tone. "It was not the first time, my lady."

It appeared a strange reason-a strange excuse-and it brought a gust of passion to the stern face; but the next question was calm and cold.

"That does not answer me, Rosalie. I asked what it was that brought you hither on this night, and, as I suspect, on other nights, from the reports that have reached me."

The girl took a desperate gasp of breath, and then said in a low tone, scarcely above her breath, "The shoe."

Lady Margerie looked at her as if she thought her senses were leaving her. "Girl," said she, "are you mad, or trifling with me?"

But the pallor of the face, the quivering of the lip, betokened far different emotions from those of insanity or mocking sarcasm.

"The shoe," she repeated, in the same earnest hollow tone. "Lady St. Clair, I am serious in what I say. Ledy Margerie looked again in asnt, and yet terrified, at the

"B means, my lady, the truth—the rretched truth, that has haunted and tertied me day and night for weeks," said he girl, rousing suddenly from the apathele exhaustion in which she had been

"Explain it," said Lady Margerie.

The tone was hard and cold. The girl's ature rebelled against it.

"Lady St. Cla'r," she replied, "I have beyed your bidding. At the peril of body and soul too I have obeyed a ruthless, mad synthes to one again approach. levotion to one quite unworthy of it; I have listened to the false and insidious flat-eries of him whom I am learning to hate; at, however I have sinned, I will not en-

dure represed and harshness from others who have dragged me into this abyse of infany and das ger."

The flashing light in the flery, coal black eyes, the fleros cu'l of the white lips that quivered and trembled with possion rather than fear, warned Lady Margerie that the brain had been excited to a degree that made any tampering with the spirit dan-

"Foolish girl!" she said, with an affects tion of lightness, "you are determined to torment yourself and do me injustice. Here am I speaking to you as I might to a dear, foolish child,—to Lady Isabel, did she down your to such with give way to such wild nonsense, and give me such unnecessary alarm,—and you re-sent that an injury, instead of seeing the perpixing aben'dity of your own con-

The girl settled herself in her former posi-The girl settled herself in her former posi-tion with an attempt at calmness that ac corded ill with the s'artied, angry look of her eyes, and the bitter expression round the mouth.

"Go on," she said, sullenly.

"Rosalie, this is worse than foolish What can I say till you have explained your

enigmatical, strange words? What mean you by the shoe, that seems to terrify you

strangely?"
The girl shuddered, but did not re

ply.
"Tou remember the night?" continued

Lady Margerie.

'The night of the earl's death, you

"Yes."
"And all that I had to do?" said Ross.

"Certainly," was the reply.
"Well, I thought, I believed that all was mafe, and that no one could suspect."
maid Rosalie, "but when I got to the window I found to my dismay, what I suppose I was too frightened to perceive before, that

She paused, and a look of unutterable again and horror came over her delicate

"What?" seked Lady Margerie.
"That I had lost a shoe!" she gasped, in accents that were sepulchral in their deep, hourse tones.

It was now Lady Margerie's turn to "Fool -- idiot, to conceal it so long!" she

"What good would the knowledge have done, and what avail 1s it to create a panic that might have betrayed all?" said Rosa lie sullenly. "I kn: w not where I had lie sullenly. I kn: w not where I had dropped it. Had it been found by a ser want, it was far better that I should have

left every one 'n periect ignorance of the loss. Bo I waited and wa'ted, and all I did was to destroy the fellow of that fatal

"How ?" asked Ledy Margerie. "I threw it into the sea at high tide. It is miles and miles from this," was the re-

Lady Margerie paused; then said, "But why not have told me, instead of wandering like a spirit in the earl's cham-

The girl paused a moment, ere she re-plied, "I thought I fancied it might be No one has been in since the carl was buried, and the room was too darkened for it to be seen before the corpse was re-

"But still, why did you not tell me?" d the lady.

"I pre'erred recovering my own proper." was the reply.

A soowl came on the face of Lady Marge

Girl," she said, "you have played a dangerous game. You thought to be in dependent of me. You thought to keep from me the thoughtless indiscretion of which you was guilty, and the power to prove your guilt."

It was too much The girl sprang to her st-all traces of her late illness vanished her eyes glit'ered, and her checks flamed ith excitances.

with excitement.

'Dangerous!" she repeated, 'dangerous!
There can be little more to tear, Ledy St.
Clair, after the fearful risks I have run, and far less to dread from your possessing proofs of my crime. You are far more in my power than I am in yours; and I may be goaded and driven to prove it, if you are not more wary and forebearing. Do you forget that this is not the first time I have

ished my present safety and my ful opes for you? Can you not imagine errors that haunt me from time to time he wretched visions at night, the terro imagine the the wretched visions at night, the terror of every human being by day? I listen like a scared child to every sound. I am as weak and foolish as the most superstitions fool, that I—poor weak creature that I am—have scorned. I even tremble at the sound of my own foolishers, the result of my own foolishers. my own footsteps, the rustle of my own dress, the glance at my own shadow; and in the day I fancy I read suspicion in every face and true. I start at the opening of a door, the sound of a bell, or the arrival of a stranger, as if the avenger were at hand And you dare to blame and re-proach me, you that have brought me to

The rapid, passionate words of the girl had stunned and paleied Lady Margerie's very utterance, petrified her very move ments. She felt as if she had brought a torrent on her head that threatened to sweep her away, and yet which had a strength and vehemence which it would be very daugerous to try to stem.

"You are young and sensitive, Rosalie," she said, "and have been sorely tried; but, though I confess you have passed through an ordeal wonderful for one so delicate and untried, you wust remember the reward, the happiness and the splendor even that await you."

'How !-where !" said the girl, svllenly. "I see no signs of it yet. No promise that you have been made has been fulfilled; nor

Lady Margerie marked every word she

"My child," she said, gently, "you for get that it would have been a most hazard-ous risk to have made any difference in your position at present. To have suddenly loaded you with bonors or wealth, or raised you to the station that I confess you can well assume, while recent events were yet in the minds of all, would have been to bring certain des'ruction on us. Time and patience, Rose, time and patience will work wonders

"How?" she asked, bit'erly.

'On the day that Lady Isabel is married, on that day, Rose, you shall have a dowry fit for the daughter of a gentleman, and the bride of a gentleman; but to accomplish this needs skill and prudence — And the shoe of which you speak, is this your first search for it in that room?

"Yes, I have many a time left my room to go and make the attempt," replied the girl, shuddering, "but I never yet could find courage. And then, when I had just to cod myse't to go to the terrible place. It has tearful attempts of danger to life. with the fearful stimulus of danger 'o life, then you came, and I thought—Oh, I can-not describe that moment,—it is too

Then your search was not really com plete?" said the la'y, bent rather on the one engressing and alarming subject of the g'rl's loss, than on the shock which she had secessarily received.

"No," we the reply.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped the lady, yielding to emotion so that there seemed ground for hope. "Then all is not lost. We will go tog-ther, Rosalie, when daylight comes, and before the rest of the household are up, and I think it not improbable that we shall discover it. If you had dropped it else where, there must have been a gossip about it in the servant's hall, and it wou'd have been brought in evidence and compared with the footprints.'

The girl shook in every limb 'Oh, Lady Morgerie, it is too terri-ble! 'he said. 'Oaly think the hair a breadth between me and disgrace, if no-

Lady Margerie turned white casual expression of the girl recalled that of the countess on their last bitter parting. And Lady St. Clair had spoken of the 'footsteps' of the avenger. Ominous ex-pression! that brought a terrible meaning under present rircumstances, and th anxie ty of the new made counters fevered up to an uncontrollable pitch.

'Rosalie," she said, "come, we will go at once. Daylight is breaking, and this lamp is strong enough to discover any object that is turned up "

R salie shud ered and hung back as the determined lady of the Castle seized the lamp, reised it to its utmost pitch of bright ness, and then led the way through the same door to the apartment they had left. When they came to the place of the couch, where the earl had fallen in his death agony, the girl involuntarily uttered a faint cry, and shrank back with a low wail of terror But the ruthless sister of the dead pursued her object, unmoved, apparently, by the fearful associations of the place and turned that brigh, light even beneath the bed of death. death; but in vain,—not a vestige of the missing object was to be seen; all was bare, drear and desolate. Even the heart of the stern wowan failed her as she gened, and at length was forced to give up her errand to trat solemn chamber. She her errand to trat solemn chamber. She knew well the fearful import of the loss. Had it bern possible she might even have felt inclined to strike down the fragile girl by her side, and in a moment thus extinguish every trace of her crime. She felt that on the discovery of that shoe hung Rosalie's fate. On Rosalie's fate and firm-ness, were the charge brought home to her, hung her own, and that of the work which it had cost so much time and labor, and or'me and risk, to bring to perfection. The conviction would, with ordinary mirds, have brought at once hatred and anger to the cause of this fearful rick, and, at the very least, threats and cavtion to the girl on whom so much depended. But Lady Margerie's was no common mind, and h overse was a very different one. She led the way back to her own apartment with au air of greater kindness and serenity than had marked her conduct during the present

"Listen, my child," she seid, kindly. 'I can well comprehend all the terrors you have suffered, and which you were very feelish not to tell me before; but, now that here is no longer any secret in the matter, I will act for you. My own impression is, I will act for you. My own impression is, that you must have dropped it from the window, and that it became too deeply concealed for any chance of discovery, till long after this affair is forgotten, and, it may be, ourselves also. No one has been in that room, save yourself and me, since the funeral: and....."

"Yes," interrul and the girl, with less reverence than it was customary to show to the Countess of St. Clair, "yes, Lady Mar-gerie,—the countess was there for a long, long time, only it was dark, and I thought, I hoped, that there was no chance that she had discovered it, or why should she not have spoken of it at once

Lady Margerie could scarcely restrain the curse that rose to her live; but she stifled it, and crushed down the terror that sensed her at the thought Had the countess discovered it, and had she an ulterior object in keeping this token of

The guilty woman was punished even by the parg of keen terror that, like a burning knife, darted through her heart, still, she must reassure her terrified agent, or all would be lost.

"You are right, Rosalie," she said,—"of course Lady St. O air would at onse appreciate all that such a discovery implied, and therefore you may dismiss all slarm on her score. However, I will take measures

to place you in "afety"
"I will not go away," said the girl, pas-

sionately.
"You will not?"

Lady Margerie repeated the words with an air of unsfiected and bewildered astonment that was nearly ludicrous. Such a resistence to her will was too novel for her to meet it at once as it deserved.

"Rosalie, you are not yourself. You must at once go to bed," she said, quietly; and remember, for your own sake, do not excite attention by anything unusual in your looks and manner It will be well for you to give out you have a violent cold, and will send for Ductor Fitspatrick to see

The gleam in the girl's eyes at the name did not escape the lady's quick, keen

"And remember," she continued, "remember, Rosalie, that all depends on your self control. Bay as little as you ahoose to any of the domestics who may have any-thing to do with you, under pretext of a violent and dangerous cold; but be gentle and courteous, and neither excite e mity nor suspicion by any abruptness and strange Rosalie bowed.

Or course, this caution does not apply to Doctor Fitspatrick, said Lady Marge-TIO.

"Again that sudden light in the dark

"And I shall bring him into my counsel as to the best and most prudent way of en-suring your safety," she added. "You shall be well shielded, Rosalie, if you are docile and prudent. Rely on it, all who serve me well, will always find I stand by

"Even to your own hurt?" asked the

"Our interests are in this case identical." was the evasive reply 'Now go, and I will send to see you in the morning as if I wanted you; and, of course, you will send me word that you are ill. Good night, Rosalie."

It was rather "good morning," for the faint gleams of the winter sun were trying to throw some light on the gloom, as it rose behind the gray clouds of morning. Rosalie closed the door, and Lady Margerie listen ed for her footsteps, so long as they were discernible, and then she sat down for a few minutes to think,

"Fools, fools," at length she murmured. "Fools, fools," at length and intermediate.

"And yet the folly and the treachery may stand me in good stead, if I can but prove it. They will be cunning if they deceive me. Even that subtle girl has at last betrayed aeraelf. It was surely an instinct that herecht on that fewerish innumber to see that brought on that feverish impulse to see the scene so familiar, so imprinted on my very brain. Ah, I have gone through too much to shrink from what remains. I will not hesitate, let what will betide."

At last the lady resumed her place in the bad she was approved to have occurred all

bed she was supposed to have occupied all night, and when her maid came in the

torning the was, or as

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

R. FITZPATRICK was at Castle St. Clair. Every one though it an especial grace and kindness on the part of the new countries to summon so distinguished a man for a mere demestic; but then Realle was the daughter of an old dependent of the house, and couse-quently more favored by the head of the family for the time being, so it did not create the jealousy or the surprise that such a mark of interest might otherwise have caused. And when the physician had examined the invalid, and ordered proper remedies and extreme quiet as the only chance of speedy recovery, he was duly conducted to the sitting-room of the countries, and the door as carefully closed and barred as if it had been a minister of state on important business, instead of a physician reporting from the sick bed of a servant. But this was nothing strange with Lady Margerie; she had a regular Metternich fancy for mysteries, even in trifes. A purchase of a bonnet or the hiring of a servant was conducted with the same reserve and secrecy as the deeper arrangements of the busy brain. and secrecy as the deeper arranges the busy brain.

And there sat those plotting, singular confederates—the noble lady, the plebeian doctor, made equal by genius, still more by crime. Alexander Fitspatrick was gradually asserting his power over his aristo-cratic patroness, whose past and present future were so completely in his keep-

ing.
And that is your decided opinion?" said

the lady.
"It is. The girl's mind is sflected, completely affected, and I shall take meas ures - coordingly."

"It is scarcely to be decided on so promptly, Dictor Fitspatrick," remark ed Ledy Margerie, looking searchingly at 'In this case, my duty." said the doctor

"is to order at once that the girl be placed under rest aint." "You have of course; sufficient reasons for that, Doctor Fitspatrick ? questioned

the lady.
'Professional reasons.'' replied the doc-

tor. "No more?" said Lady Margerie.
"Is it not also some fear lest the young girl should betray certain secrets that

"That would be extremely inconvenient to Lady St. Clair, or Lady Margerie Lisle, as the case Fay be," he interrupted. "N w, my good ady, my future wife, my trusty co agent in this great work, for Heaven's sake leave all this idle nonseess and waste of time and breath, and let us proceed to real business.

Lady Margerie's blood flamed up in cheek and brow, but she said, "I am ready to listen, doctor, and when I have heard all, I shall be ready to reply," she said, and she shaded her face with her hands.

The physician paused for a few mo "I have so many things to say," he re-sumed, "that it will be better to dispose of them one by one First, as to the girl Rosalie,—she knows too much, and her brain is too much over-wrought. She must be cared for at present, or ruin would

'To vourself?' said Lady Margerie.
'To me and to you, ' said Dr. Fi spat-ck. "We cannot fall alone; that point is rick. too self-evident to be discussed Tre next point is more serious. Lady St. Clair, I have reasons to believe that all is

The lady started, and her face grew pallid as she stared at the physician's calm ace.

"More,—I believe that Blanche St. Clair is living." continued Dr. Fitspat-

A low scream of horror, and Lady Mar-gerie fell back almost fainting in her

TO BE CONTINUED. ]

ROMANCE OF A HOUSE. -The romance of one of Buston's two story brick houses is that nearly thirty years ago a young mass built it for his bride, intending to mortgage it and pay for it gradually, as his worldly goods increased, to all of which she as reed. When the wedding day was appointed, trousseau ready and the house finished, he trousseau ready and the house finished, he took the lady out to inspect it After going over the house he presented her with a deed of it for a wedding gift, when she was astoniahed to find that he had actually paid for it. He explained that, buying a ticket in a lottery, he had drawn the first prise. The Puritan maiden protested she would not take a home obtained by grabling. When they left the house he locked the door and threw the key into a brook near by. The next day he boarded up the windows. The man never married; he became rich, but is a wanderer on the face of the earth. The woman never married—she still lives, poor and an invalid.

A stairmee—The countryman at a show.

WAITING ON THE COURSE.

I know 'twould be the proper thing to do,
If I desire to see fair Adetaids,
To call where she resides. But it is true
That I don't like to. Hot that I'm afraid Of her pape. He always treats me well; But I suspect he thinks that "that yes

is fairly well behaved, but, truth to tell, fee much inclined to be Schemian." It makes me quite uneasy, I will own;
And as I know she's at the matines,
And will come out and start for home, alone,
I'll meet her in an accidental way.
The clock on Tenth Street Church says half-

past four; The piece is moving slow to-day, it's clear: it won't be many minutes more; It's chilly, waiting on the corner here.
Ah, now they're coming out. I'll try to look As if I stood here, waiting for a car.
I sowehow feel as though each passer took

I sow show feel as though each passer took
The whole thing in, and slyly guyed me. Ah,
she's coming! Yes, I see her pretty face
There in the crowd, some rods away. I'll try
To act a giad surprise, with easy grace,
As I perceive her, just as she goes by. at i policies and youder, with a new suk hat, and this same game of waiting

played, Mas picked his lady up. I wonder who? He's drawing near. By Jove, it's Adelaide in think I'd like to kick and pound that churl, Oh! I'm a fool! And all I've got to say Oh! I'm a fool! All and a list wasting girl is: Wasting time to see a giggling girl is all confounded nonsense, anyway.

—B. P.

## The World of Humor

A city man calls his sweetheart Kitty, because she gets her back up so often.

"I am satisfied with my lot," said a realestate owner who held a piece of city property worth \$5,000 a foot.

Job has been marked down in history as the patient man. The fact is, that at one time he was just boil-ing over.

A belle, upon being asked her father's profession, said he "embalmed pork," she be-lieved. He was a bacon curer.

A hat manufacturer claims for himself the title of "Universal Sympathizer," because, he says, he has felt for every one.

It was rather heart-rending, after he had sung his best, too, to have these hat-ful types up and call him "The terror of the choir."

"I have been present at many religious awakenings," said the fly, as he passed from one bald spot to another in a neighboring

The ecquisition of money is sometimes accompanied by remorse, but most people are willing to endure the remorse for the sake of the money.

Everybody admires determination. Who does not applaud the pluck and persistence of the little wheel of the bicycle in pursuit of its big brother ?

Cincinnati men are so fond of music that they won't hurl a bootjack until they look to see that it is a cat, and not a Cincinnati prima donna singing.

Foreman-"Look here, Pat; you heard the governor say that job must be finished to-Pat-"Yis; I'll have it done to-noight if it takes me till to-morrow mornin'."

"Is your cough any easier ?" said a wit's acquaintance, on calling to see how he was.
"It should be," said the sufferer, from his pillow; "I have been practicing all night."

It is a mean thing for a handsome man to go to a town and give every indication that be is in the market until about half the girls are wild about him, and then send for his

A humorist was giving an account of his experience as a hotel-keeper. "Did you clear anything by it?" asked a listener. "I cleared a six-rail ience getting away from the sheriff, was the snawer.

A heroic and noble man's first 'hought when his house took fire recently, was for his mother-in-law, whom he saved from a burning staircase by promptly throwing her from a three-story window.

A chap, being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for a lasy man to attain so much education, answered: "I did not—a tain it: I—just—heard—it—here—and there—and was teo lasy to forget."

A Buston composer has set the sounds of Riagara Falls to music. The next thing we know some fiend will set the noise of a bellershop to music, and distribute it through ergans of Italian descent. And then there will be blood spilt.

No matter what your feelings or ailment is, Hop Bitters will do you good. Prove it. other column.

A Western paper suggests the following plan for paying off the national dobt in six weeks: "Let the Government levy a light tax, not to exceed three mills on the dellar, on the poetry written in the United States, and let every post name the value of his own poetry. That will do it."

A man of strong feelings, living in a sequestered hawlet, says, "It is flendish for a man's creditors to all range themselves on the shady side of a street when he goes from dinner, and make him walk in the sun. I believe it's unconstitutional thus to use heaven's sunlight to help collect a bill."

The Garage of A Few Juntary One An-Byrnaus.

Streets in business is unscentisely the result of fadelenses in the street, of washington. It is said that the
idea. Danis J. Beauty, of washington. It is said that the
idea. Danis J. Beauty, of washington. It is said that the
he has built up an environment Plane and Organ trade
all over the drylinged world by the remarkable pinor;
and, exterprise. His attendes was easily termed to
music, and finally in the mannafacture, of music inname. His first operations were on a music case, but
his active and progressive mine any wide facilitations
to energy and esterprise. He has never wavered or
faltered in this project. By his shrowd, drilful, and
permittent newspaper advertising, he has attracted
vide attention everywhere, a that at the present his
inviruments are in use in all parts of the civilined
world. He hastowe in the free use of printery ink,
and it has paid him a thousand field.

Hir. Beathy is the man who first comestived the idea
of reducing the prices of Pianes and Organ. He
know the apents were making entirely toe mean
profit on them, the came as was being denie on sewing
machines. He of each began to expect the described
for an Organ that cound be not, fre the, and citil have
a fair profit, or if, 000 for a Piane that just in sufficient
few. Than the war began to expect the described
into whose large profits were in danager. No stone
was lost vartarned to defeat and rein him. Otreshers were printed and sent out and efterediscled by
their agents. Articles were published in mantel trade journals, and many of over durity tricks were presented in.

But and the trush and hurry of a vast bestones, Mr.
Best and the trush and hurry of a vast bestones. Mr.

constitutions that has ever engaged in the music basiness.
But amid the rush and hurry of a vast business, Mr.
Beatty never forgets the duties of a man and a citisen. He has twice been elected Mayor of washington without his own seeking, which office he now
holds. His fellow citisens accee him. He conducted
no campaign whatever, and was not even at home on
election day. His generous deanties of orders upon
the largest local stores to supply fear to the needy
during the past winter, and his liberal contributions
to the various religious organizations, without regard
to denominations, are indicative of but a few of the
many incidents that are continually transpiring, and
which have made him exceedingly popular among his
follow-oil issues.

Men who have won for themselves hemorable distinction in their particular avocations in live and
which we denominate as the successful self-made
men of the day, are apt to possess all the qualifactions
necessary for the high position of peakle trust, and
form the nucleus from which the Ration drawitis
best supporters. Mayor Beatty's career thus far has
been marked by untilling persystemes, indomitable
will, acute percept'en, and good, sound common
sense.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had pirced in his hands by an East India missionary the afomula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent ours of Consumptees, Brenchilts, Ontarrh, Asthma, and all Threat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nerveus Diblity, and all Nerveus Complaints, after having besed its wonderful curstive powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it knews to his suffering felicieus. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all whe desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming lits paper, W. W. BERRAR, 10 Powers' Block, Bockester, A. Y.

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Remember Hop Bitters never does harm to the smallest child, but good, always and continually. See

When our readers answer any A4 vertisement found in these column they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Broning Post,



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# Our Toung Talks.

THE CARRIER PICTOR.

BY ANNIB MATERION.

N the large and well kept farmyard of a gentleman's estate, situated at some little distance from Paris, lived an old earrier—or as he liked better to call

imealf, courier pigeon.

He had led a very busy life; had carried He had led a very busy life; had carried despatches of great importer ce under his wings, and in the war of 1870 had by his untiring seal and faithfulness acquired an undying tame. Unfortunately he had received a shot in the wing and leg during active service, and though the wounds had been carefully tended and were now healed, he was not the pigeon that he had been before, but remained limp and invalided for life. Bo, after the war, he retired with a remained to his master a country seat, and pension to his master's country seat, and devoted his time to the study of philosophy and the instruction of other members of his

family.

Philosophy he had chosen as his favorite on which on stady, owing to a circumstance which on his errival at the country seat had surprise

and hurt him considerably. and hurt him considerably.

On arriving at his master's country seat he found one common devecet was the abode of all, and the pigeons of different families already located there—the Fantaila, the Turblers, the Carwellies, the Turble deves & 1—instead of looking up to Mr. Courier and his decoradants, according to the control of the course of the cour thally looked down on them. Any one of a less philosorhical turn of mind than Mr

Courier would have been crushed, annihilated by the recept in he experienced.

But immed of being aggrived at this neglect, Mr. Courier simply shrugged his shoulders, and would have smiled sardonically, only he found it rather difficult to do so with a beak. He reassured his abashed and humilisted ismily with the words; Patience my dears; your turn will come soon; you are young yet; you can wait In eastime we are stille ent for our the meastime we are sufficient for ourselves. Let us enjoy life in the way it is presented to us, and not make ourselves wretched by grieving for what we have not. No pigeon need be unhappy who has the consciousness of having been a useful member of society, and a faithful patriot" (here Mr. Courier's breast swelled with conscious dignity.) "No pigeon," continued he, looking benevolently on the younger members of his family, "need be unhappy who has the consciousness of nos unhappy who has 'he consciousness of pos possing the will and the ability to be useful when eccesion offers

One day Mr Courier was, as usual sur rounded by his young friends and relations, and was delivering his customary lecture, when his experienced eye detected traces of agitation greater than the jerky pertness of the Bandies the disdainful looks of the Ladies, or failures to procure the tit bits of the larder were wont to create. In his fatherly manner he inquired the cause of their dejection. It was soon told. Pan chon, the little daughter of the house, who could keep no secrets, had said that morning, while emptying her pinefore of the crumbs she had collected for them that the young Couriers were to go to school the following day.

"Yes; to school," Fanchon had repeated

again and again.

The young Couriers were quite frighten ed and dejected. "We are so little," they complained. "We don't want to go to school. We would rather play. What does it mean? What shall we have to do? Little Fauchon showed us the queerest strokes and scrawls that she has to make every day with a long pointed stick that has a claw at the end; but we should never be

able to make them - never."

'Patience, my dears' said old Mr.
Courier, soothingly. Tast's not what
you will have to do. You will have plenty you will have to do. You will have plenty of those scrawls and strokes tied on to your legs and under your wings, but you will not be expected to write them. What you will have to do will be to learn geography

"Gangraphy!" The young Couriers looked quite terrified at the long word "I grat you," continued Mr Couries

"it is not easy; but it is a charming study, and, once sequired, your career is open to you, and your fortune as good as made. Geography and a little geometry. Don't Geography and a little geometry. Don't be alarmed, my dears; those will be your principal studies."

"Dear grandpa," said the youngest of the Couriers, who was trembling with appre sion and excitement 'did you have to carn geography and geometry when you

"Of course," answered Mr. Courier,

promptly. "And what is more I was always the first in my class."
"Couldn't you give us a little lesson beforehand, just to give us an idea of what
we must do?" begged the little ones, coax-

man. "I have not the least objection.
Strud all in a row on one leg, heads back,"
charts out; attention. Now we will commones. Uzri" (that was the eldest), "My

up to the highest branch of the tall walnut-tree, look well round you in all directions. then come and report to me what you have

Urri flew up to the high walnut-tree, and having looked around with an air of great import noe, returned. "Well," asked Mr. Courier, "what have

"First of all," said Urri, "I looked down at our farmyard, noted the shape of our high, queer looking pigeon-house, and the roof of the farmhouse peeping in sharp pointed gables from among the trees. Then looking over the farmhouse, I saw in the distance the church-spire with the ivy hang ing from its topmost point; to the west, the river; to the north, the neighbor's farmhouse with the stork's nest on the roof; and to the south, the wood with the rookery.

'Very good," said Mr. Courier, approvingly. 'Now, this is where geometry is useful. Buppose you are away from home Mow all of you pay attention. You fly up; well, you see nothing familiar to you, no house, no 'ree, no tower that you know What must you do? Describe a circle, of course. As you describe the circle you are "First of all," said Urri, "I looked down

What must you do? Describe a circle, of course. As you describe the circle you are wide awake and keep a good look-out. You see nothing What do you do? You set out in a straight line, say to the north, and there you describe another circle. Again you see no familiar landmark. You return to the point at which you commenced, draw another straight line in an exactly opposite direction to the previous one and describe your circle. No result. You return to the same point and draw a line to the west or cast, draw another circle, and this time ten to one you will devery some familiar object. east, draw another circle, and this time ten to one you will devery some familiar object by which you can direct your flight. But do not be alarmed. You will not learn all this at once. Your master will take you first but a little way from home, and then gradually increase the distance." Bo saying, Mr. Courier concluded his lesson.

The other pigeons had in the meantime been hopping around Fanchon, picking up crumbe that she threw to them, and chuckling at the news that the Couriers were to

'Friends,' said Lady Fantail, strutting about with great pride, "we have not to learn; we are the aristocracy. Look well, plume our feathers, hep gracefully, coo sweetly, that is what is expected of us. It is all very well for some people to learn and work, but there is something excessively plebian in it."

"You are quite right, Lady Fantail," said ancient Dowager. "The aristocracy an ancient Dowager. "The aristocracy have privileges. I. for instance, do not bend my head, even before royalty. This lavor has been grapted to my family for ages. Look at my daughters," continued she, inducting by a jerk of her head a row of women lady pigeness and all stiff and all of young lady pigeons near, all stiff, and all mightily aristocratic—"Look at my daughters, pretty dears! They all take after their

While they were thus talking, a quarrel arose between the Dandies and the young Couriers. Old Mr. Courier did his best to separate the combatants, but it was of no

They were, however, sadly in the minority us to numbers and were on the point of yielding when Fanchon's pape entered the

"My! my!" cried he, "what is going on?
My young carriers set upon, and getting
the worst of it, too! Why they are of more
value than all the rest of the tribe put together. Goorge," continued he, turning to his servant, 'pack the whole lot of them off except the cyrriers. Sall them for what you can get. My carriers sail them for what you can get. My carriers must have the dove cot all to themselves, they are old enough now to be trained. Ah' there you are, my old triend," turning to Mr. Courier, who, standing on one leg, the leg that was not wounded, listened with grea interest and frequent marks of approbation to his master's words. Those greatily words. ter's words 'how goes it with you? Come here, little Fanchon. Look at that Courier pigeon He's a great warrior and a patriot to boot. He was entrusted with a numhad to pass over the heads of the Germon army, and was wounded badly, he managed to keep up till he was just within the walls of Paris, when he tell among his friend, dear old fellow!"

So the Couriers were raised to high honor because they were useful and faithful, and the other pigeons were discarded.

Old Gentleman-"Wounded in the late war, were you? Badly?" Paddy- 'The bullet hit me in the chiet here surr, an' came out out at me back!" Old Gantle-man—"Come, come, Pat, that won t do! Why, it would have cone right 'brough your heart, man!" Paddy—"Och, faix, me heart was in me mouth at the thoime, surr !"

An ingenious mother who has long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at table, has at last discovered a method of circumventing them. She places what she wants such child to est before its reigh bor at table, and of course such cries for what the other has, and the ends of justice

Exaggers tion is akin to lying.

### A CROWN OF GOLD.

BY AMY RINGGOLD.

LIGHT nourishing diet, and good wine—that's what she needs," said Ductor Osborne. "Medicine can do nothing here."

He spoke sorrowfully because he knew right we I that what he was recommending was beyond his patient's power to obtain, an his heart acked for the positive despair that showed itself in the fair, pale face of his

A beautiful girl of some nineteen or twenty, perhaps, upon whose lovely youth the blight of care and poverty had fallen

heavily.

Destor Charles Osborne, young and tenier of heart, looking in the sad, blue eyes, and falling each moment more and more deeply in love with their owner, impulsively answered their desparing gaze as he might have suswered spoken words.

"I would to Heaven that my means were

"I would to Heaven that my means were equal to my with!" said he. "I am but a poor and struggling doctor, as you know; were it other wise your mother should want

The young girl blushed vivid crimson suddenly, and drew her slight figure up haughtily with a look of offended pride.

It was only for an instant, however—the next she held out her hand to him gratefully, and the tears in her blue eyes over-

"I thank you for your sympathy," said, simply, "and for your constant care, but for which she might not"—her eyes were on the bed again and her voice sank low—"she might not, perhaps, have been spared to me thus long. For the rest"—with a deep, deep sigh—"if there be any right way in the world to obtain it, she shall have the wine."

She stood for a few seconds looking after him, and listening to his footfall, as it echoed along the bare staircase and hall; and when the door closed after him, she let her face drop down upon her hands with a less sob.

"Oan powerty bring us good gifts?" she mouned. "If so, it is only to torture us. In my powerty a true heart has come to me, but-it can never be mine!'

Then she went into the bare room, closing the door softly after her, and bent above the sleeping figure on the bed. "Good food and wine," she murmared.

"And she wil' die without them. How can

I get them? How?'
Everything they possessed that would feich a shilling had been sold; and had she not arent almost the whole of this weary day in trying to obtain work, and quite in

"I know not what to do!" she sighed, despairingly, and turned away, and, half unconsciously, took off her bonnet.

As she did toat a piece of wire escaping from the folds of crape caught in her comi and drew it out, and down tumbled a shower of golden bair upon her shoulders. She took it up in her two white hands, abstractedly, and began to twist it into a careless coil.

Dora Tremaine gazed on it with a new appreciation of its brouty.
"A crown of gold!" she said, sadly and bitterly. "The last of all my ornaments. It was well enough when I was rich When poor paps was slive, to take pride in it, and called me "Golden Hair," and neck it with peerls; but now—what do I want with it now

She took it down again, and shook it over her like a veil, and held it up, allow

ing the shining hairs to fall through her white fingers like golden rain.
"It is worth something," she said, thoughtfully "If I had wanted to purchase it, when I had money, I should had to pay well for it—twenty dollars, perhaps. I wonder if Lily Ellison would give me twenty now ?" A sad smile was on her face,

she muttered, resolutely, and

"I'll try," sne manning began to coil it up again.
"Li'y's hair was of exactly the same anxiously. "But she color," she mused, anxiously. "But she had not so much on all her head as I twist into one of these braids. She used to say, laughing, that she would gladly buy mine for its weight in gold. Well, I'll try."
Once more she put on her bonnet, and

leaned over the bed.

"You shall not die for want of wine while your child wears a golden crown. Never,

Lily Ellison was an heiress and a belle. Not so handsome as the fair rival who had been her bosom friend two years ago, beau tiful Dors Tremaine, but handsome enough -her rival having disappeared from "so ciety" and being forgotten.

"I wonder what did become of Dora!" Lily would say to herself sometimes, but she never cared enough to do more than wonder

So Lily Ellison's surprise was great in-

deed when her maid ushered Dora, unan-nounced into her boudcir that evening. The pale girl came forward, with out-stretched hands and excited eyes that saw no one but Lily.

"Do you remember me?" she saked, al-

most wildly. "We were dear friends and schoolmates once, you and I!"

She pulled the laied cope bonnet from he: head.

"See! You used to eavy me my saiden crown. It's all that's left of those o'd days. My mother is sich—we need money very swely. Lily, will you buy my hair!"

And she took out the comb, and down the glittering treasure fell no more a crown, but a cloak of shining beauty.

Dors held it up in her trembling hand:

"Buy it, for Heaven's sahe!" she mid, and she burst into a storm of tears. "Help me to save her life!"

And then, before Lily could gather breath

me to save her life!"

And then, before Lily could gather breath for a reply, a firm hand caught Data and placed ser in a chair, and a brasque, deep voice, somewhat shaken by emotion, said: "I'm your customer! There, there, cry, my poor child, cry a l your griet away, You're with friends—look up, and see if you hand the life of the look up, and see if you hand the life of the look up, and see if you hand the life of the look up, and see if you hand the life of the look up, and see if you hand the life of the look up, and see if you hand the life of the look up, and see if you hand the look up, and see if you had the look up, and s

don't know me!"

Dora looked up into the speaker's face.

Dora looked up into the speaker's nos.

"Doctor Gray!" she cried, and hid her face in shame "You here! I thought him Eilison was alone. I thought—"

"That she would buy your crown of gold," said the old doctor, merrily. "So she would, I've no doubt, and be glad of the chance; but I've bought it. Whatever she offers, I'll double, my dear; and you're bound to sell so the highest bidder. Besides, it would do Mins Lily no good. I'm treating her for headache already."

"And what will you do with it," cried Lily, who by this time was embracing her

Lily, who by this time was embracing her

"Keep it—on the original owner's head—until I want it," said the old man. "How much do you bid, Miss Lily?"
"Fave hundred dollars," answered Lily,

boldiy. "Now you."
"One thousand; and here's half of it to begin with."

Bo Dore went home in the old doctor's carriage, and in his company and care. He laughed when she apologized for their

miserable room "Pooh! pooh!" said he. "I was press when you made your first appearance in this world, child. You hadn't even your crown of gold tnen. Poor enough, forsooth. You needn't ever mind me. Who s been attend.

Doctor Charles Osborne," she told him, timidly, and a blush stole over her pale, beautiful face.

Then, as she saw them start and give a

long whistie:
"Do you know bim, sir?" "Heard of him," said the old man, brusquely. "Smar fellow, but poor. Well, well, your mother is my old patient. You shall pay him, and I'll take the case my-

He did. Took it to his own luxurious hous thence to the seaside—restored Mrs. Tra-maine to health at last, and surrounded both drinday his liming this liming the his his his his bree see preedeve the control of the lies the cof the man his is the comment of the man his is the comment of the lies the comment of the lies his lies the comment of the lies his lies the lies his lies the lies his lies h

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Under the secretary the secret

her and Dora with every comfort. "How are we ever to repay you?" the girl asked him. And his answer fairly took away her

breath. "I want a wife," said he, as abruptly as usual. "Your ero on of gold is mine. Does,

will you give me all the rest? ' Poor Doral What is a crown of gold compared to the heart?

She had neither seen nor heard of—and then she checked herself, and left Charles Orborne's name unuttered, and reminded herself of her debt of gratitude to Doctor

Gray. "I owe you more than my life," she sighed, 'but I have no heart to give you.
If my respect, esteem—if my deep gratitude

"They will," said the old man. "I believe you love me dearly into the bargais.
Will you give me your hand, pray?'
"Yes," she sighed, and placed it in his re-

luctanuly. He gave it a sounding kiss.

"Pretty little hand," said he. "I shan't keep you long. I shall give you to that lucky dog, my nephew!" and he threw open the door. "Come in, Charles," said he. "Here, I give vou a wife!" And he handed Dors over to Charles Os-

borne. Ah, well the old man had read the young

heart rightly.

She uttered a cry of surprise and joy, but never a murmur of complaint, and-

"My heart's darling! Do you confirm my uncle's words?" her lower asked her.
She laid her biushing face against his breast.

'How can I do otherwiset" ahe answer shyly. "Are they not his to do as he please with—my hand and my crown of gold-which I would have sold for mather assist

Time is money, but now little store we put by it. If one of the hours wasted each day on trifles or indolence was devoted to improvement, it would make an ignoral

A Harvard College atudent, who over-turned a barrel of sales on a sidewalk in Cambridge, was given the alternative by a policeman of shoveling them back or being "taken in." He shoveled the

BY THE RIVER.

BY RETA

O ever-changing river
That seekest the changeless sea,
Where are the forms and faces
The years have shown to thee?

Gitter of golden haulberk, and silver of swinging sword, Dewn by the shallow scurry, and over the darkling ford.

And here in this ferny corner, Where the shadows fall on the spray, A vision of weeping woman's eyes, As her true love gailops away.

say, dids't thou note them, O river, And gather them up, and fice To waft them away to hide them In the soundless depths of the sea?

Seen of a prince's armor, And glint of a trusty sword, And blood-stained faces of fearless men Dying to save their lord.

Soldiers, and state-men, and courtiers and cold-eyed priests, and a group of dainty, delicete madens In powder, and patch, and hoop.

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Say, didst thou note them, O river, And garner their smiles and tears ? But their hearts beat high and faiter With old-world hopes and fears? Did they look on thy deep, dark water where it mirrors the diamond spray, and love, and struggle, and suffer as we of this latter day?

Across the gulf of the ages,
Where the secrets of slience sleep,
Comes a voice—"Ye are sisters and brothers
Who love, and suffer, and weep"

For the day goes by, and the morrow Comes bank as it did of yore, and the love is the same, and the sorrow Is the sorrows our fathers, bors.

As the burden has been, so it shall be Till the kind God bears us free Down the stormy waves of the river To the calm of the infinite sea.

### A QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

VEE the household of the Queen of England, are many officers. Periding over all are three grea officers of State First the Lord Steward, now the Earl of Sydney. All that appertains to eating and drinking comes within his proviner. In early days not only did he punish the servants at his discretion, but he was the judge of life and limb for the dwellers in the palace; now his rule does not extend to chapel, chamber, or stable He carries a white staff as a sign of his office. At the death of the sovereign he breaks the staff over the corpes.

Secondly, the Lord Chamberlain, now represented by the Earl of Kenmare, on whom devolves all matters connected with the furniture of the several palaces and royal residences, the royal wardrobe, state cerementals, private audiences, and the licensing of plays. It issues the invitations to balls, concorts, sec, and he it is who holds sway over the long list of physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, dentits, (thirty-two in all), chaplains, comedians,

of physicians, surgeons, apothecarics, der ts, (thirty-two in all), chaplains, comedians band, the trumpeturs, and many member

of the household.

Thirdly, The Master of the Horse, at present the Duke of Westminster. He regulates all matters connected with the horses, and the locametion of the royal personages generally. He is the only officer of the household who, as a matter of right, can use royal carriages and servants. The three great officers change with the Ministry

a matter of right, can use roval carriages and servants. The three great officers change with the Ministry

When Hor Majesty ascended the throne, there was found to be no unformity of system in these three departments. The male and found, came and went as they pleased, committing many excesses, with no one to correct them. One part of the palace was under the control of the Lord Chamberlain, another of the Lord Steward, while the outside came under the sway of the Woods and Forests, so that to this department fell the supervision of the outside of the windows, while the Lord Chamberlain as w to the cleaning of the inside. The Lord Steward found the fuel and laid the fire, the Lord Chamberlain't people lighted it. He also provided the lamps while the Lord Steward trimmed and lighted them. Before two a pane of glass could be manded, so many official had to be consulted that it took mostly to fights.

In the "Imperial Calendar," published an-

to do it. The Queen, however, soon set things to do it. The Queen, however, soon set things to rights.

In the "Imperial Calendar," published anneally, is found a full and complete list of "See who constitute the Queen's household Usder the Lord Steward Laera are over 156 First, the Treasurer of the Household, then the Comptrollar, with their messengers and Secretaries. The Treasurer, now the Earl of Bredshane, is a very exacted personage, who, like the Lord Steward, carries a write wand of cense. He has to check and cramme sait the accounts of the Board of Green Cloth for the Green Cloth, is a sort of head housekeeper faw sarks, whose duty it is to check the bills from the vonchers sent in by the first clerk of the dicheen. When the Queen is away, the servants are on board walls and it is part of the duty of the clerk of the Kichen. When the Palace and to ascerbally price recognized. The Board of Green Cloth give orders for the payment of wages and board looks after plate and timen and the board looks after plate and timen and the board looks after plate and timen and the board.

wine cellars.

Kany cocks evidently do not spoil reval broth. Besides the clark of the kitchen, the a design to correct, as to make them believe that we cause to enter them, in the kitchen itself, there are the chief cock, and four master cooks that them, two yeomen of the kitchen, two investions, it we recating cocks, four arrestions, it we recating cocks, four arrestions, it we counters, three kitchen, two prestices, it we reasting cocks, four arrestions, it we counters, three kitchen maids, one axira woman, a storekeeper man, 'wo found that is not all. In the confectionery department there are yeomen, assistants, and in the ewry department them some of the ewry department them some of the ewry department them confectionery department; and in the coury department them confectionery department them two male and confectionery department them two confectioners and assistants and make the most of them to do good. Let us waik in the light, and be happy.

If you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you must have dealings, take are that you have no communication take and confectioners and assistants. If you have no communication take and confectioners and assistants are cause to suspect the integrity of on

ante for each palace, and two lamplighters and seven assistants. Under the hand of perters there are finite portrast, including correct, recome, and street for termine well as returned property. These set also bight marrishmen and yeomen and naturalism of the gloward's room and of the servants' hall, with nebers and sestement. These there is a seroner, gardeners, and numberious game keepers,

steward's room and of the servants' hall, with unbars and acceptant. The there is a crossor, and acceptant the following production of the servant transcription of the cast of clothes of royalty to the province of the cast of clothes of royalty to the province of the cast of clothes of royalty to the province of the cast of clothes of royalty to the province of the cast of clothes of royalty to the province of the cast of clothes of royalty to the province of the cast of clothes of royalty to the province of the cast of clothes of the cast of the cast of clothes of the cast of t

## Grains of Gold.

Trust not too much to any man's hon

Never neglect an old acquaintance for a Suspect those who remarkably affect any

A seeming ignorance of some things is often necessary in the world.

Difficu ties are stones out of which the

If we were not proud ourselves, we should not complain of the pride of others.

He that strives for the mastery must join a well-disciplined body to a well-regulated mind. The man who can hold his tongue longest

in someroversy is the one who will come out successfully in the end.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and the greatest is insufficient if it does not.

Of all ignorance, that which is silent is the least productive, for praters may suggest an idea if they cannot start one.

Men believe that their reason governs their words, but it often happens that words have power to react on their reason. Examinations are formidable, even to the

best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask mor- than the wisest man can answer.

When Aristotle was reproached for giving to an unworthy person, he replied: "I did not give to the man, I gave to humanity."

Right habit is like the channel, which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper each

The same pride that makes us condemn the mults we might imagine ourselves even pt from, inclines us to despise the good qualities we are not possessed of.

A ce tain dignity—not siffness or pride-of manners is absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either re-spected or respectable in the world.

First study to acquire composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before or after meals, and while the process of digestion is going.

Heroism, self-denial and magnenimity ip all instances, where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-

Bo much injustice and self interest ente into the composition of the pessions, that it is very dangerous to obey their distates; and we ought to be on our guard against them, even when they seem most reasonable.

Pride is more concerned than benevolence in our remonstrances to persons guilty of faults; and we revrove them not so much with a design to correct, as to make them believe that we ourselves are free from such failings.

## Lemininilies.

Iron rust is the latest shade of brick-dust

Vandyke red is to take the place of car-

Yellow will again be fashionable this The new Vandyke red is softer and darker

Mock pearl beads will bedeck some of the straw bonnets.

It is proposed to have girls for pages in the

There will be a run on Roman striped goods this spring.

An aged white woman in Georgia is liv-ing in a hen evop. Nearly \$70,000 000 United States bonds re owned by women.

S me Wisconsin school-girls of 15 were caught smoking eigerettes.

When a woman is disappointed in love she can make a fool of herself as successfully as a

Which causes a girl the most pleasure to hear horself praised or hear another girl run down?

We have seen women not only too weak to bear food, but too weak to bear contra-diction.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are 'ndebted to them for most of our better qualities. There never was a thoroughly happy mar riage where the busband was master and the wife his servant.

There is a silly sentimental impression that if a woman loves her children, she cannot go far wrong through her other faculties.

A lady witness in a police court in Oan-ada refused to king the Bible because the cover was so dirty, and her refusal was respected. Colored women may not always be wise, but sone of them was ever foolish enough to wear a piece of white court plaster on her chin.

"When I wes first married," said a middle-aged lady, "my husband looked only for happiness, but very soon he only found fault."

A Detroit ladv called at a drug store, the other day and said : "I want a tooth-brush-a real nice one. I want it for a spare bed-

"Your intended is hideous," said a frank French friend.—"True," says shet "but if you only know how they notice me when he's with me!"

It was a well-meant-but novel compliment from a lady, who declared to her parson she did not know which most to admire—his sermon or his wife's new dress.

A farmer's dog in Illinois set his teeth into the fellow who was taking a girl out through a window, for the purpose of elopement, and held on until the father came.

"Your late husband, madem," began her lawyer. "Yes, I know he was always late out o' nights, but now that he's dead don't let us upbraid him," said the charitable widow.

There is often just as much vincictive ness wrapped up in the "6h, shueks!" of a woman as there is in the well-developed and c omplicated swearing of a Texas cowboy.

A gentleman thus advertises in a London newspaper: "Can any lady (Church) with means love a gentleman, twenty-siz, at pres-ent penniles: by unavoluable misfortunes ?"

Lady Violet Graville, of London, who has been writing essays, tells women'o "beware of male friends. Female friends are shifty, un-stable, and not always true, but men are

A la'y cleared the house of flies last sum mer by putting housy on her husband's whishers when he was asleep. The flies sinck fast and when he want out of the house he carried them off with interest of the house he carried

A young bride rest Mother Supton a prophecy for the first time the other day "Just my luck!" sne explained, incowing down the paner, "Hore I am just married, and now the world's coming to an end!"

Domestic Piessantry — When a down town m n told his wife that he hoved he would so to some place where there were no first to make after he died, she merely replied that was where he ought to have been long ago.

eur opinion it would be proper for alm to sup-port a young lady if she was taken with a faint—even if he hadn't been introduced. Proper, young man, certainly—prop her by all means. "Etiquet e' writ s to us to frquire if in

The latest rige among young ladies was to possess an old-fashioned spinning-wheel for a parior ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned wash-hoard and tub doesn't rage much among young ladies as a parior ornament.

They went to her and gently broke the news to her that her husband had been run over by the cars and had one leg cut off. Her grief was terrible to witness. "Mercy " she cried, "he had his best new trousers on, and of course they're spoiled!"

In Missouri there is a lady of sleep walking tendencies, and what makes her mader than anything else is that in a recent attack of som nambulism she cut off her ions beautiful hair, and did it up in a handsome braid, with-out knowing anything about it.

C'andestine matriages seldom bring hap-piness; the woman who sacrifices home, and mother's and father's affection for a lover, unless the parents are unusually unreason-able, generally reaps that reward which fol-lows in the stem of ingratified and dischal-

"Mad! 'exclaimed a girl 'I guess I am as mad as a hornet. There I've been playing a certain joily tune on the piano every Sunday for the last ten years, it's such fun to be a little wicked you know, and now, come to find out, it's a pealm tune. Was ever anything so aggravating?"

A Consecticut parson claims the honor of having married the first couple in 1801. Two persons requested to be married at his house just on the dividing line between the old year and the new, and the words pronouncing them hasband and wife were completed just after the clock struck is.

## Rems Poles.

They my tee makes red noses. Alsoke has only four white women. New York had 159 suic des last year. Yellow will again be fashionable in the

Unnecessary fires cost this country \$10,-

Chamois leather gloves, with wrinkled wrists, are new.

wrists, are new.

A dress for bridesmaids is of two shades of pale bine satin.

Philadelphia has over twelve thousand miles of street lamps.

Oat skins, as cheet-protectors, it is said, will prevent rheumattam.

Handsow e houses now have their dining rooms walnaucted with titles.

A Cincianatian has saed a man who put out his eye, for \$10,000 damages.

In Great Britain is waren enter the long.

In Great Brit-in in wyers enjoy the long-A pound of corperas poured into a gal-lon of warm water is a good disinfectant.

At a Paris pawnshop is this notice: "Mo-thing can be lent on false teeth set in rubber. The total amount of the funds held by warvard University is reported to be \$6,000,"

in a raid on gambling done in Wash ington two Sanators and six Representative were captured.

An alligator was frozen near Nashville. It was discovered with its head sticking up through an air-sole.

The Score ary of the Interior is known to the Indians as Old Man Who-Sees-Through Windows-on-his-nose.

In Swe'en and Norway, in snowy wea ther, trusses of hay and straw are tied to the lamp-posts for the birds. Tas highest price ever paid for Chicago real estate was \$4 125 per improved front foot, and the sale was secently made.

It is asserted that licenses for Equor selling are remand in nearly two-thirds of the cities and towns of Massachusetts.

P. nices r Proctor says he believes that with a good talescope one may see 140,600,000 suns, each the centre of a universe.

Arkaness is a poor piece to get along in.
A young man on his wedding day was taken
out and hung for stoaling a 55 horse.

The favorite mode of snicide in France is by the use of charcoal, or by jumping from a height. That of Germany is by drowning or

A wealthy California lady, who for af-teen years believed that her mother was dead, recently found her in the Chicago Home for the Friendless.

Milwaukee has passed an ordinance as-sessing its horse-railroad companies \$5 000 a year for each mile of the streets on which their tracks are laid.

The planting and raising of trees in cities is advected on the ground that their color is a relief to the optic nerve, and in that way benefic at to the eye.

The story of the French chemist who compressed his dead wife's body into a seal ring, which has evaped resurrection for several years, is on its travels again.

A bowler in a Cleveland bowling alley had a ball poised to roll, when a bystander made an insulting remark, and he threw it at the offender, killing him by cracking his There are two Bishops staying at a French

we tering place—the Bishop of Gibraliar and the Bishop of Jamaica. They are known there by the abbleviated names of "Gib" and "Jam."

A farme in Iadiana lost forty sheep by dogs recently in one night. It was too much for him, and he took his gan and set out. He fore he was satisfied he killed twenty-three dog belonging to his neighbors.

William Ferguson, aced 80 years, of this State, recently married Mrs Margaret B Wilson, seventy years old, or Delaware, it is said that they were engaged fifty years ago, but a quarrel arcse that separated them. At the inaugural ball in Washington the

At the inaugural ball in Washington the following is to be the regular supper, for which all is to be charged: Cricken salad, lobster salad, stewed oysters, iried cysters, sandwiches love, coffee, tea, and "relishes" For 50 cents there will be a lunch of crackers and

The youngest bride yet recorded is in south Carolina, where a girl named Fosey was lately married to a man named Senuell. She is only eight years of age, and the ceremony was performed with the full permission of the child's nother who was presented to mony was performed with the child's mother, who was pres

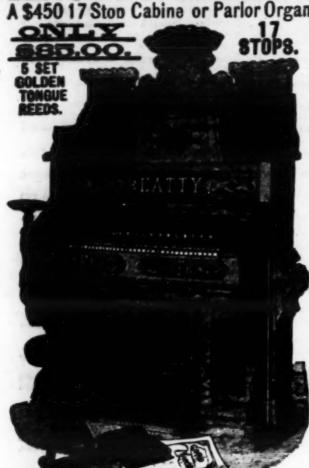
There has been presented to the New Hampsuir: Historical Society a poster-guife which was carried by President Lincoln on the night of the assassination it is a six-blad-d, pearl-handled suife, with one blade broken, and has Mr. Lincoln's name engraved on the handle.

The Cross of the Legion of Honoricounted especially honorable when worn by a tradeeman in France. A legionary who goes through the Bunkruptcy Court ceases to be long to the order. To be decorated is to be sure of credit. Merchants, therefore, strive hard to obtain decoration, which must not be paraded in advertisements, or on trade circulars or cards.

A young Chicagoan gave an elaborate dinner to nine friends at the Union Club in that city. The entertainment was well advanced, when a steward entered the room and whispered to the host that his mother was at the dror demanding his retirement from the festivity. He went out to piead his cause, but she resolutely laid hold of him, led him to the family carriage, and took him home. The guests finished the dinner with one vacant chair.

AVOID A COSTIVE HABIT of BODY, not only because of the attending discomfort, but lest it engender more serious consequences. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Fills are either Laxative or Cathartic, according to the dosa, and may be depended upon to produce healthy secretions of the Liver and Stomach.

# ITA SPECIAL OFFER. A \$450 17 Stop Cabine or Parlor Organ for only \$85 cash.



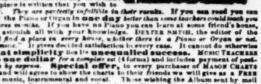
This offer is special in order to introduce this new instrument. It is a tride above the actual cost to build. Every one who has examined this style wonders how I can produce so fise an organ for so small amount. My reply to them is, I have the very best facilities for manufacturing, and in my coormous and increasing trade I usually get ent from 1 to 2 thousand of one style at a time, and it is perfectly plain to be seen that I can manufacturing.

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THE WONDER OF THE AGE



MASON'S CHART. A child 10 years old e





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If you cannot wisit the city, send to us by postal card for Housekeeper's Price List and Underwear Price List

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The stock includes Dress Goods, Silks, Laces, Fancy Goods, and general outfits.

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establishment in the United States, and exchanges or refunds money for things that do not suit, upon examination at home.

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OR MOUTH ORGANS. These little instruments are new very popular, as an music produced in very sweet. Having obtained the GERMANY a targe invoice of these goods, of the better than the contract of the contract



in order to give you a chance to try and set them, knowing you will order good and minhle. World Manuel g Co. 122 No.



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Every person their own Fortupe Toilor. With this Book you can tell your own for the person's fortune for botter than any Astroiror, Clarivoyant, or Medium can for you. It forestells exactly what will be pen to you in the future; it gives the filinds of Secrets of Lova, and how to exange, what to easy, and what to do to gain the affections, the love, the heart and the land of the person you desire to marry; lit gives the Art of Telling Fortunes by the kilms of the Hand; It contains a Complete of the Hand; It can be soon as you hear! It takes you a Charm to Frotect you from hanger; It teaches how to make the complete of the Hand; It contains a Complete of the Hand; It co

you will ever Marry or not; whether you will have Money left you; w will be happy; how to be successful in your love affairs; whether you will be a wilcow; whethe our; Seven Signs of speedy Marriage; Signs how to Choose a good Husband or Wife; in fact th storilus revelations unfolded in its pages. Sample Copy, and Terms to Agents, sest by Mail, a. or Five copies to one address for \$4.66. Ask Four, friends to buy one each, and get your or WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.



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sis that ne friend could tell them, and an Kasy Way to Marriage
sagh Love's Intricate Pathway, It also contains many Ancient hidden
sis that the Married should know, If a wife has a wayward hasband, or feels
she is neglected, get this Book in his hands at once, and it will surgive
jum him to his firstlove. It startles while it teaches. It proves that the
to Win is no longer a secret. If you follow this writer's advice failure to
the object of your choice is impossible, fiend for this Book. It will pay you
ousand times its price. Every country, civilized and barbarous, has been
acked to get The Secrets of Love Making. It will bring Joy to thouis of both sexes, and cause more hearts and hands to be united in Marriage
and it is what instrumentalities combined. It is full of stranger shinger regard-

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### PASHION HOTES.

ASELON has desidedly taken a pictureaque turn for children's attire, and,
while always patronizing the comfortable Princess frock, admits many other
accept designs. Novel, did I say? In their
adaptation, perhaps, but not in their origin; n, perhaps, but not in their origin; for the fickle dame has gone rusticating, and brought forward for our imitation the fun-The old milkman's elaborate voke is reprod with bright attebery on the little sek-frocks which are still all the rage whether in cloth, twill, serge, or in the palest foulard, trimmed with spanish lace. Plenty of blouse dresses follow in the rear. Only the other day I was admiring one in toast-on finnel, adorned with oberry-colored plush.
It beautifully fitted a demure child of seven
years. Plush piped the yoks, below which the tress bulged out gradually at the back till confined by a large man bow low down, above two four-inch founces. Another singular feature consisted in two narrow stole ends, which extended from the small square collar right to the very edge of the front. In a second blouse frock, of garnet cashmere, stiver and white braid gave a most pleasing offeet to yoke, onfis, and pockets ; and here the fulness, back and front, was arranged in minute plaits, terminating, however, at about six inches from the lower part, when the fronts ingeniously mingled with a rolled silk sears, as though they had been out in extra length, then crossed, and intertwisted with the slik. But the queerest of costumes is a new frock, which suits admirably the granny bonnet. Picture a bodies gathered across its width seven or eight times, high shouldered, and tapering slightly to the walst, then set band of a skirt as straight and skimp as a skirt can be! The sleeves, in keeping, are gauged at the armholes and elbows, the fulness between hanging like a loop quite over the top of the plain narrow ouff As an or costume this gown makes up well in any of the popular tweeds, homespuns, etc., while the crowning point, the "hundred years go" bonnet, has a full back in camel's hair, and a plush brim lined with cream satin; a sable or lynx's tall may be curling over the top. Indeed, black comes in rather incongraously on juventle apparel, witness black piush trimmings on cream and drab cloth aletots! The majority of the granny bonnets, however, have fur brims, either French sable chinchills, or white hare, swansdown, etc., as most appropriate for the age of the child. The crowns and ourtains are made of the same fabric as the ulster or paletot. In these outdoor garments fussiness and light coloring prevail. Fleecy angola, knopped, and astrachan cloths are universal in greys and fawns for girls from six to twelve; in sky blue, pink, biscuit, and, above all, ivory color for little "tots." The paletot or ulster buttons down, generally leaving visible merely the scariet or blue bala yense plaiting which edges the frock. The most dressy coats are brightened up with hoods, pockets, etc., in claret or beryl blue plush.

The great comfort in the present fashions is that they are so much what each individual fancies, or is most becoming to, so that we may have short or long dresses, tight fitting or puffed skirts, just as we piease. For the latter a little crinoline is again worn ; only at the back of the dress, however, to keep out puffings. Sometimes it is made of steel, but oftener entirely formed of stiff muslin, founce over flou nos.

In regard to petticoats, I cannot but notice the fashion and the dainty design of all undereiothing just now, and the profusion of lace used in the adornment of the various ar-For the winter lew people wear the silk underesothing that has been so popular during the summer, and the chief part is now nade of fine cambric most elaborately trimmed with lace; but for light dresses plush petticoats, made just wide enough to allow one to walk, and very short, with a lace balayense, are senerally worn. This most popuof the winter walking costumes are made of it; and as the mantles are so long this season, a simple style is adopted, consisting of a quite plain short skirt and a long cuirass bodies. the former relieved only by the narrow frill of silk which now is indispensable with the walking costumes. The favorite color to form, so to speak, the foundation of the outdoor dresses (for the trimmings are very cay) is brown of all shades-eeal brown, monk's brown, and a rich orange brown called Capucine, being the most fashionable.

The favorite mixture of colors is some sh of gold or yellow with these, but sometime bine, and even myrtle green is used with good foct, and where the costume is not of pivsh it almost invariably forms the trimming. A good model for a walking costume is of the viot cloth, seal brown in color, the short skirt d with two bands, about three inche ming above consists of a searf of the cioth ming a sore contents of a scarr or the crossing beedered to eneryspend, with plush crossing the front in felds, puffed behind, and drawn up with a thick cord and tassels of silk. The long bacqued bodies has no trimming save coller and only of pinch. A somewhat striking winter totlette is of

tal of the same ester. The pleated skirt of the latter is emercied with a felded drapery of red surah, and the deep jacket-bedies of plush has a fichu searf of surah passed round the neek, then eaught in the fastening of the bedies at the wai-t, below which it again reappears, and is fastened carelessiy at the left side, or left to hang loose according to taste or tange.

er fancy.
Another freak of fashion, and at the say time a "work of labor and skill," assumes the form of a jacket bodies of dark brown satin, finely gathered all over front and back, inciuding, of course, the basques and sleeves; the skirt of ve'vet matched to the satin is bordered with a pleated flounce, above which is a drapery of sating athered in the centre to the width of about ten inches, and bordered

with chemilie frings.
It may be as well to add that the gathers on tun'e and bodice are done horizontally, and not more than a nail breadth apart, and that the style would only be suitable for a slight, moderately-tall figure The costume is com pleted for out-door wear by a velvet visite matched to the dress and trimmed with plush of the same shade; the chapeau to accompany the tollette is of brown plusb with gold ornaments, and the must is of a thered satin in the centre, with bordering or plush and lining of gold-colored satin.

Demi-saison dresses are now occupying attention, and the re-trimming of black dress especially is a matter of consideration with the economical.

Black camel's-hair costumes, that were made in the late autumn, are now freehened up with satil brookde, having raised velvet figures on it. Those with vermicelli designs look best. This embossed velvet is used for panels, cuffs, square pocket on basque, and collar. Plush is used in the same way, but purple-red and olive plush are used in pr ence to black-indeed, some dresses are re-trimmed with either old-gold or pale blue piush. The half-worn buttons on the bodies can be replaced with crochet silk ones.

A coat bodice of black embossed velvet is good investment at this time of year, as it may be worn with various skirts. Such a bo-dice is rarely trimmed, but a rich ci-enille fringe tipped with jet, added round the neck and across the front, renders it more dressy. Care should be taken to weight all these coal bodices both at the back and front, so as to keep the edges from turning up, and the basque from wrinkling when the wearer is

For evening wear black dresses are now retrimmed with white jetted lace, and often the front preadth is white Sicilienna, with lines of white beaded passementerie. For half mourning, lavender silk is used for the front breadths, and these are trimmed across with jetted iace flounces, headed with scarves of lavendar surah. The black bodice has a lavender waistoost, covered with lines of white Duchesse lace; the sleeves termintte with Duchesse lace ruffies.

An attempt is made to revive large sleeves. flowing for jackets, and gathered at the shoulder and pottom for dresses, but it is doubtful whether it will prevail in the spring styles.

The leading shops are already displaying cotton and woolen spring goods; the former are especially conspicuous in the display.

The cotton satteens have closely twilled

surfaces with a lustre like satin; the grounds are dark-either plum, brown, blue, or the deepest garnet, and these are strewn with rather large figures of some graceful flower, such as fuchaias or lilies with pale green follage; to go with this figured fabric, which now makes the over-dress, or at least the jacket waist, is plain salteen of the color of ground. The batistes are soft and delicate in quality, with Japanese designs and quaint coloring on the palest cream, lavender, and pink grounds, pinks, chrysanthemums, small peonies, and other flowers of the distinctive Japanese tas'e. They are usually supplied with a wide border of larger figures than those in the body of the rapric.

The popular Scotch ginghams are shown in very fine qualities and colors. The newes designs have wide stripes made up of many smaller stripes, and also large plaids, or else periectly plain colors And the favorite combination of colors seems to be pink with blue, and there are three times as many blueand-white ginghams as of any other color; besides there are stripes in new contrasts of color, such as olive, red, black, and buff lines forming an inch wide stripe beside a pale blue stripe two inches broad, shading off

These colors are also shown in the large plaids which are to take the place of the handkerenief dress-s of last year. Plain grounds, with a border in contrasting color, are also shown in coft-finished percale, in which dark grounds promise to be partien-

es are more and more ornate, and the interminging of draparies, scaris, puffs, em-broidered tabe and flounces of passementerie woven with gold sliver, or steel go to make up the many problems of fashion's caprices.

### Fireside Chat.

BIRDSEINS AND PRATERS FOR DECORATIVE PUR. POLES, BTO.

ARVEST of the trave or and sportuman — went preserved home and foreign bird-skint—can be used to great advantage in a variety of ways, as soft, settes, o chair backs, footstoote, foot-warmers, hantspicot-borders, plano-backs, sorean-panies, rags, convrepteds, etc. For the first-mentioned purposes it is best to mount mem on fine streng lines, the exact shape and size of the birdskin, or skins, if several are combined On this is tested a piece of finned, well powdered with eampage, or any other preventive of moths, or a seem.

The plumage should in all cases be put to stroke downwards, and, if not thick or furfy enough to set out well and follow the curves

of the furniture, be wadded to do so, fining off the wadding towards the edges, in which case the seem to r powder can be put into the wadding. The next thing to do is to fastes the thus prepared plumage on a strip of cloth, vaives, satin or brocede of the decir'd size, and some well-contrasting or harmonising color, such as marcon, plum, gold dead leaf, mahogany, or black.

The choice of these colors and tax'ures of grey look well on crimson, marcon and plum, or a light but dull blue now much used again in artistic furniture all shades of yellow and canary show best on run-et browns, mahogany, deep plums or black peacock and other brilliant metallic blues and greens on black, mahogany, and dead french grey, or soft blacult color. Cardinal and scarlet plumage mount best on old-gold, leather-brown, or digar color.

soft biscuit color. Cardinal and scarter plumage mount best on oid-gold, leather-brown, or eigar color.

If the birdskins used are small, several of one kind should be put together so as to form a continual strip, or if enough of one kind are not fortheomins, they should be grouped so as to bring the most brilliant or decided colors into the middle of the strip or group For settees, besides the centre strip for the back, a border for the seat can be applied with capital effect.

Pracock's feathers, to profusely used now in farmiture decoration, are admirably adapted for deforating seats of oid-fashioned settees.

ed for deporating seats of old-fashioned set-ters. One we saw had the narrow-cushioned pan-als of the back covered in bright gold-colored brocate burdered thickly with beacock neck feathers and a narrow harkbatal device of matchiese eve feathers in the cen're of each panel. The reat is a border of neck feathers.

Two low stools and a couple of old-fash-toned high-backed chairs were decorated to match, as well as the lid panel of a cheet or casket destined to contain art treasures in needlework. The woodwork was all in dark

needlework. The woodwork was carved oak.

A table cover of soft oak-brown cloth had a twelve-ineh band of gold brocade with a waving line of eye feathers on it, and a shield device in one corner, on which, with great skill, a coat of arms was worked, with the long gold fronds stripped from the tall feathers, something like the old-fashianed hair embroi-

thing like the old-manished mair emblodery.
Foot-glools and foot-warmers, the latter mounted on a box frame, into which hot-water bottles, jars, or hot bricks are put, can be decorated with less costly birdskins as of gold-n phessant, guines fowl, and other home and foreign birds. Any such should be previded with handles for carrying them about, as catching the plumage in lifting destroys the effect.
For manishness borders pescocks' feathers

as extening the plumage in lifting destroys the effect.

For mante'piece borders peacocks' feathers are particularly adapted, laid on in thick fringes, running patterns, or clusters on plush, cloth, satin or velvet. Sometimes the fringe consists of the fronds stripped from the tail-teathers mounted thickly on a galoon or tape, with an overlapping stanting row of eyes behind this, the same being repeated on the upper eage, and sometimes again where the shelf lies to the wall. This has a simple, but very rich effect. The ground should be chosen to throw out all the shades of the eyes. Gricendre, pearl, French grey, pale peacock blue, old-gold, citron, Indian red, black, salmon color, and faded leaf and myrtile green, are amongst the most successful foundations. Flush is now the favorite material for these decorations

They are very handsome on a fireplaceboard, the four dation of which should be the size of the fireplace it is intended to fit into, covered what red twill, or any other colored material. The feathers look best arranged in circles, commencing at the edge and working towards the centre. A row of eye fea hers, and then two or three rows of small need and breast ones laid on thick to hide all the quills, and then a second row of eyes have a pretty effect. A large rosette of red or peacock blue

breast ones laid on thick to hide all the quilis, and then a second row of eyes have a pretty effect. A large rosette of red or percent blue or green satin, in the piece, looks effective for a centre, with three or four eye feathers put in among the fulness. Velvet is also suitable, or plush. But if one is able to obtain the head of the bird, it would look better than apything else.

the head of the bird, it would look better than anything else.

I have seen pheasants' feathers mixed with the peacocks', and the head of some richtinied foreign bird as the centre. A'so a sorap of Oriental embroidery or satin, worked with sike fitted in, surrounded by feathers it is best to dip the quills into very strong gum, and lay the feathers on the 'oundation, smearing the gum on to those on each side to keep all together.

If a paragon has not a great quantity of feathers

ing the gum on to those on each side to seep all together.

If a person has not a great quantity of feathers, it is easy to cover a board with green or red satin sheeting, and arrange them in a sort of design, showing the background, laying on the larger feathers first, either in efrices, sideways, each one covering the preceding quill, or with the quills turned toward the centre, and a row of small ones, laid on the other way, very close, hiding them; the small ones laid on sideways, like a feather band. Deep pendant fringes of many other fringes, either of one kind or judiciously mixed, look well, headed with a band of shorier or neck feathers.

The exquisite and various-hued paroquet's and pairot's plumage, green, blue, cardinal, flesh-pink, and yellow can be applied in tuits, in groups, or worked into regular designs with great success. Large ecollops, with ro-ettes composed of vari colored tuits of such feather gems, set in each, have a good effect.

At a French convent school, where feather-At a French convent school, where feather-work has been carried to great perfection, a mantal valance and table border were re-cently worked in a deer floral pattern, en-tirely composed of bright-hued feathers, rep-resenting upward of twenty different flowers, the stems of the garland alone being traced with chentille. Fo complete the illusion, the tiniest humming bir's and bright tropical butterflies were hovering above the flowers. The foundation was satin cloth of the most The foundation was satin cloth of the

At a Garman school of art th's work was carried out in white, pal yellow, and light green feathers a garlands of white and yellow jaming, on a deep myrtle-green foundation of pluss.

tion of pluss.

The upright plano backs give a wide scope for pescocks' feather application. Choice tail-feathers may be laid on in flat sheaves, crossed and tied with a bandsome bow of very wide ribbon, and a border of eyes being put all round the edge of the back. Black plush or satin cloth make a handsome foundation for this device. Groups of three interlaced rings of eye-feathers, laid on flat, look well with a border of fronde round edge of back.

The astonishment excited in an English general by the irregular mode of wariare pursued by the Americans in the Ecvolution is amusing. "They fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron an levery sort of devilment—nails, broken pokers, old locks of guas, gun barrels, everything that will do mischiel. A twenty-four pound shot in the stomach is fine—we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnishing of russy tempenny nails, makes us die ungenteely, and with the coite."

# Answers to Inquirers.

A. E. C. (Belfore, O.)—No.

W. J. H. (Bebinson, Meb.)—Consult a lawyer.

SURSCRIBER, (Trinity, Tex.)—The back numbers of
the Post will cost you have conte each.

M. E. T. (Kent, Md.)—You will find the name of
the precious stones, their meaning, etc., in a recent
back number of the Post

HULDRANDE HORSTRIP.

HILDSCARDE HORTS'SE. (Buckville, S. C.) -Write street to the Co.logo They will doubtless take ple asure in letting you know.

pi asure in letting you know.

FARRY K. (Orone, Mich)—There is no charge.

Send it cn, and if good enough we will use it. Send

stamps for its return in care of rejection.

H. A. A. (Sahia, La.)—Advocacy of the measure
you mention is not in our line. There are many
things in this world that we must endure patiently.

H. A. T. (Houston. Tex.)—It is not extiquette for the
bride and groom to keep on their gloves while eating
support, for it is not good sense to think of such a
thing.

thing.

W. A. (Warren, Ind.)—Calcutta is the capital of Rombay, and the seat of government of Eritish India. We must refer you to a cyclopedia for the answer is your other question.

J. B. W.—Address the ''American Agriculturist.'' New York City, New York. There is nothing better published in this or any other country. It publishes a list of what books you want,

FORTA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Andante is a musical term eignifying a movement which is slow graceful distinct and perceful. Until about the beginning of this century, it was understood to indicate a grand yet cheerful style.

PEDES, (Coxsachie, N. Y.)—We see no reason wh deaf mutes should not be Knights Templar or Knight of Pythias, supposing them capable of understanding the objects of the societies. Any lodge would a doubt send you the constitution and hy-laws on a plication.

J. B. (8t Louis, Mo )—1. Direct your inquiry to any of the leading papers of your city. We have no convenient way of learning the largest number of bales of cotton ever carried on a Mississippi steam-boat. 2. Consult some apothecary or chemist. 1. Both are very good for your age.

D. D. (New York, N. Y.)—The guillotine is peculiar to France. and was never introduced in this country. The instrument app caching ne rest to the guillotine was the "maiden," formerly used for execution in Scotland Hanging for capital offence has been 'be mode of punishment here from time immensation.

BOTHY W. (Dodge, Wis.)—Take your mother your confidence without delay. A young girl have no better adviser than her own parent will at all events give wise counsel on the ma which you will appreciate if you do not follow. We ever you do, take no decided step rashly. You report it all the rest of your life

TRIGGER (Pleasant, Del.)—1. M. S. is one of our contributors. 2. No 2 Greuwood in K-ntucky is in Pulsaki county. There is no paper published there that we know of 4. It is good, though with rather too much flourishing. 5 Fifty cents on each new yearly subscription. 5 We have never heard of such a story or book. Make inquiry of Peterson & Co., publishers, this city.

STUDENT. (Bradford, Tex.)—"Alier de bon pied dans une affaire" is a Prench phrase, meaning in English, to deal fairly in business. "Si perdout in English, to deal same as the exclamation in English, "Save the mark." The former is an Italian phrase, meaning in English, "Pardon the chrase;" which latter is equivalent to the phrase used by crators, "Excuse the term."

M. C. (Macon, 63.)—We really cannot give you any advice that will enable you to conceal your love for the young man. he only way to do that we can see it to avoid him altogether. If you think you are 'espable of deceiving him 'you certain y need no sprishance. If you have any plans in the matter and mentioned them, we might give our opinion as to which was the best, but that is all.

JAMES, (Rockland N. Y.)—You are decidedly in the prong. When you refused to take your lady-love to a perty that she had set ber mind on being present at, what else could you expect than that she would not accommany you to the gainering you were anxious to attend? Do you not remember what Byron wrote:

"Sweet is revenge, especially to woman?"
If you wish to continue in the good graces of the young lady it would be well for you to call on her specify and do your best to overcome the unfriendly feeling which your conduct has undoubtedly provoked.

which your conduct has undoubtedly provoked.

JULIA, (Rochester, N. Y.)—We give the signification of the names you mention as follows: "Julia." or "Juliana," the feminine of Julius, Latin and remotely Greek, so't or light haired; "Ida," the same as Ads and Edith, from the Saxon Eade or Radith, happy, blessed. The name is also Greek, but not of a person. "Haidah" (Hebrew), the world; "Eve" or "Eva", Hebrew), life giving; "Florence," four-ishing, prosperous from the Latin fiorens: "Deborah" (Hebrew), "a bee;" "Agnes, "chaste, from the Greek Agne; and "Antoinette" or "Antonia," the teminine of Antony from the Greek anthox a flower. "(harles" is of German origin, and signifies strong, stout, courageous.

W. W. P. (Palatine W Va )—If you love the girl

strong, stout. courageous.

W. W. P. (Palatine W Va )—If you love the girl and feel you will not be h-ppy without her, marry by all means. But, generally speaking, the extra age should be on the part of the man. A woman grows old much somer than a man, and by the time you are forty and she is fo ty-five. there is a chance that you may repent your action. At your age you can well sford to wait five years, and there is every likelihood that you will yet meet with somebody better suited to you. If, however, you have visited the lady for any time, and have honestly won her heart, you must ack cautiously. If your parents are living, consult them, and if not, take the advice of your eldest and best friends.

CHARLEMAGNE, (Worcester, Mass)—Your friend is wrong in thinking that no great military chieffain ever lived to be over sixty years of age, and in saying that all the great heroes of the ancient work died comparatively young, and that in modern times both military and payal heroes have either hear hilled of military and naval heroes have either been killed or else died before they attained the age of three scors, hor is it true, as he says, that happened in the case of each of the following: Cyrus of Persia. Alexander the Great Hannibal, tesar, Charlemagne, Nape-leon, Lord helson, and a nost of others. Two of these great commanders, Hannibal and Charlemagne, lived to be over a xty years old. He also forgets that Wel-lington, who conquered Napoleon, lived to a great age.

Age.

J. D. K. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Marshai Ney was treed and sentenced to be shot by the French Chamber of Peers, and fell by French bullets in the garden of the Luxembourg, Paris, at 9 A. M., Dec 7, 1815 On the trial, the 18th article of the capitalistics of Paris, signed July 3 1815, promising a general amnesty, was quoted in his favor, but the Duke of Wellington afarticle, and probably 'his declaration somewhat accured the condemnation of the "bravest of the brave." Mets capitulated fectob-r2 1870. Marshal Bazaine was the commander of the forgress. After peace was concluded, he was accused of having needlessly and treacherwally surrondered Mets. and was tried on that charge. The court found him sultip, and he was stripped of his honors, and sentenced in twenty years' imprisonment. He escaped from prison, and has since lived in extle.

WILLIE J. (Kingman, Kuns)—"I shou'd feel

son, and has since lived in exile.

Willing J. (Kingman, Kuns )—"I shou'd feel obliged if you would settle a dispute betwee. My mother and me. Does rising early really make a persent healthy, wealthy, and wise?" In the first place, we beg to remind you that it is not our province to interfere between m'ther and son, in a case of this kind. And even if we had no such scrupied, the knewing your temperament, conscitution, and other surroundings, and we, knowing no hing of them, is far better able to advise you as to what you ought to do in your circumstances than we are. But, looking at the question of early rising in the abstract, we might in erm you that recently a distinguished German physician an ured people that centry rising was a great mistane and did not tend to make men 'beatthy, wealthy and wise," but quite the contrary. But the best meltane authorities et our ewn country, say that brain-warders should rise about six o'ekok, taken were work with a clear brain' for a few hours. In viewed this disagreement of anthority, each one had better this disagreement of anthority as one one had better this disagreement of anthority.